

# The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## AT SUNSET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY ELLA WHEELER.

I sit at my cottage window—  
In the light of the sun's last rays—  
And the hills glow with splendor,  
And the west is all ablaze.  
My room is flooded with glory,  
My soul with a wild delight,  
And my heart is filled with poems  
That I cannot speak or write.

All darker, and deeper, and grander  
The glory flamed high,  
And I trace the walls of a city  
In that beautiful western sky.  
A city all gold and crimson,  
All purple and amber red,  
And the streets are paved with crystal  
Where the feet of angels tread.

Oh soulless pen and pencil,  
Your efforts are weak and vain,  
The pen of the poet falters,  
And his heart is full of vain.  
And the artist dro, his pencil,  
And weeps in mute despair,  
For he cannot paint the glory  
That lies in the sunset sky.

But the city fadeth, fadeth—  
The crimson turns to gray,  
The golden lights are dying,  
And the splendor melts away.  
And I know it was only the shadow  
Of the city built on high,  
Only the poor pale shadow,  
That I saw in the sunset sky.

And I long for that other city,  
The city that God hath made.  
Where the glory never paleth  
And the splendors never fade.  
Oh, there at the foot of Jesus,  
In anthems of praise I know,  
My soul shall utter the poems  
That fill the overflow.

## A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,  
AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," "BETWEEN TWO," &c.

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### I.

WHAT THE SEA BROUGHT ME.

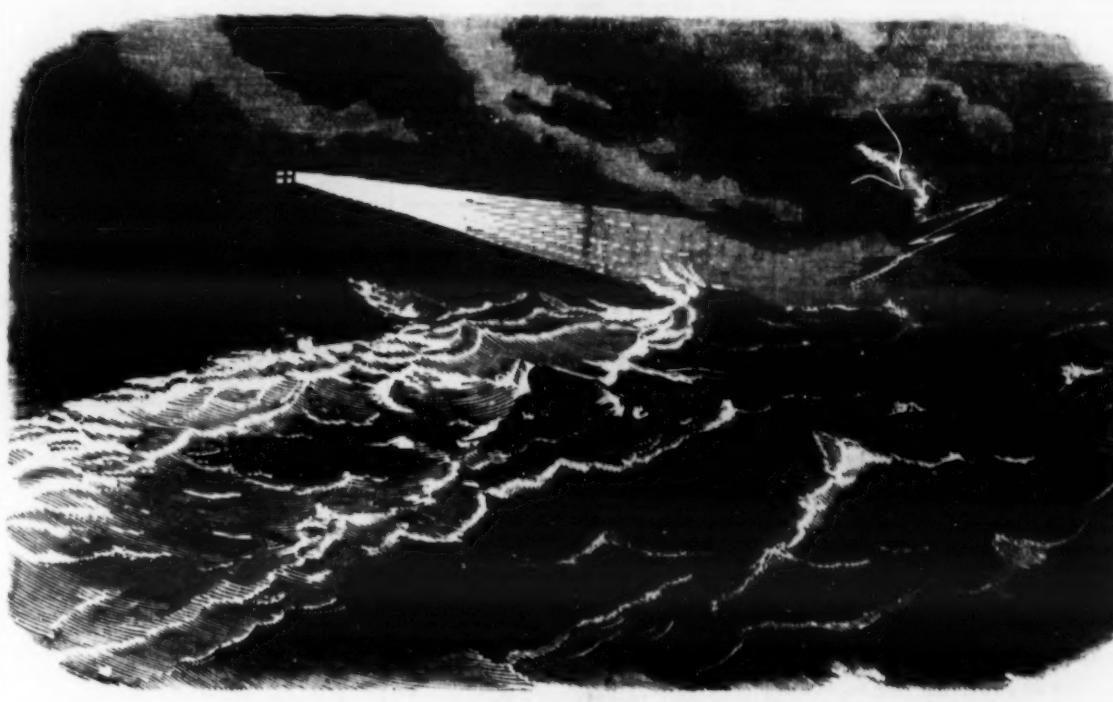
[Written of Persephone, the child.]

It was my tenth birthday. I was standing before a triangular bit of broken mirror, combing my hair. The mirror showed me only the yellow waves which curved around my forehead. I had to look down to see where it hung far below my knees, thick and shining.

I loved my hair, as I loved all beautiful things. I used to kiss and caress it, and fold it all up in a soft pillow for my childish cheek. It was a pleasure to me to smooth it down with my small, rough hands, until it shone like satin, to braid it in a crown around my head, or, as now, to shake it loose upon my shoulders, all rippling like the sea upon the yellow sand, and bind it with a coronal of shells. Then I would dance upon the smooth, white beach, fancying that some rough Triton blew a rude accompaniment upon his shell, and that, far below the restless waves, which sparkled, sparkled, as far as I could see, the mermen and maidens were watching me, and only restrained from joining in the dance by the unfortunate formation of their lower members.

I kneeled down to look from the small window, which was on a level with the floor. A gust came in like an angry hand, and wrenched my lengths of hair through the window, blew them across my face, and then passed by with a shrill and scrofulous hiss.

The sea and sky stretched blue before me, but 'twas a pale and livid blue, and far away on the horizon a cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," but black and wrathful, hung, like a pirate's flag—white a low, sultry moon sounded through the air—the wail of a coming storm. I knew the sound, and hailed it with delight. The old sea-gods were about to do each other battle. I should see Neptune driving his sea-horses, spouting foam, and Nereus, and Oceanus, and perhaps some of the weed-crowned river-gods would be there, and Arion, to soothe the angry uproar with some propitious air upon his lyre, and the white arms of the Nereids, tossing like foam above the billowy commotion, would crown the victors, or implore pardon for the vanquished. With these thoughts in my head I dashed down the narrow, crazy stairs, heedless of the shrill voice of my mother, or the clamor of the children when they caught sight of my flying figure, bounded over broken spar which had been set up to keep the house-door open, ran against Bob Larris, as big and heavy as a Newfoundland dog, who rubbed his arm and ejaculated—"Eh! dom the little mermaid!" stepped on the tail of his ear, which raised a howl of anguish, and then my flying feet bear me to a favorite rock, perched on which eminence I view,



THE WRECK.

with a feeling of perfect security, the charge of the breakers on the coast below, although my hair is wet with the scattered foam.

There is no longer even a *ring* of blue in the sky, which stretches a sheet of lead above me—ominous with black, thunderous-looking clouds, with copper-colored edges, from which flash sheets of flame which seem to touch the leaping waves, tipping them with dull fire. Black, pitch-black, with edges of deathly-blue and ghastly white are the great waves which open in seams, and show the dark commotion of the waters below, and rise as if their foam-capped heads would strike the sky, and then reel and plunge as though dizzied by the height they had attained. The gale has risen and drives the clouds before it, showing a "heaven like brass," from which the lightning leaps and plunges to the sea, and all the waters are whipped to foam, and groan and fling themselves headlong upon the shore, from which they retire, again to wrestle with the angry wind which shrieks and howls, and laughs madly as the vexed ocean struggles and lashes itself in impotent wrath. Then comes the rain and hides all the terrors of the scene as with a dense veil, and I hear a long halloo and a cry, and know that my father is seeking for me in the storm.

I was about to spring forward and close myself, when something that was neither the roar of the waves, nor the crash of the thunder struck my ear—muffled and despairing—the boom of a signal-gut at sea. I paused and clung to my rock, peering vainly into the blank of the storm. Land began to gleam redly through the mist. Again the gun sounded, and was answered by a shout—a shout as despairing as the appeal for aid, dulled by the raging elements—for what boat dare put out for sea in such a storm as this? I clung to my rock, trembling with horror and excitement. I seemed to hear the rending of the brave timbers, to see her dismantled masts sucked in the maelstrom of the storm. I saw the white, despairing faces, whose lips yet thrilled with cries for help, go down—down. I saw the helpless hands clutch at the devouring waves or stretched to heaven for aid, and shivering, slipped from my place upon the rock and ran wildly through the storm, where I could see the red glare of the lanterns dancing here and there through the shrouding rain.

As I ran recklessly on, falling sometimes, but up again in an instant, my cheeks burning, my heart throbbed, my wet hair held back with both hands, that I might hear every sound alien to the storm that might chance to pierce the combined roar of wind and water. I stumbled against some one, and had the red glare of a lantern turned upon my face.

"Ho! 'tis the little wench! and not the first time she's run me aground to-night. Blest! if she ain't a sea-witch or somethin'" said Bob Larris's voice, and to Bob Larris's rough coat I attached myself with both my hands, crying—"The wreck! The wreck!"

"Ho! 'tis got a turn! Back to cottage, lass! You're no place for wenches," said an oil-sea-dog, who was trudging along by Bob's side.

"Oh! Bob, let me go w th you!"

"Heave away hearty, my lass," said Bob, "you're no feared of a sea-drench;" and rightly construing this to be a permission to accompany him, I ran along by his side, keeping a tight hold of his horny hand, and feeling the spray of the sea mingle with the rain which was dashed in our faces by the force of the wind.

"Hooray! t' Beacon's up!" said Bob.

I uttered a cry, for where all was a dead black before, is now illuminated by a fiery light which shows a red sea, crested with

flame, rearing itself—like a mighty scarlet dragon, I think—and plunging towards us; the foam is red, blood-red, and I shudder and shut my eyes that I may not see some bruised and ghastly form loosened at my feet by the monster that has tightened its life out. I open them again, and there! what is that, borne in triumph upon the crimson crest of a wave, raised far above us, like a statue on its pedestal, with the head thrown back, and the hair scattered wide, and the white hands locked in a death-strain around the slender plank? Even through the storm one can hear the shout of many voices as the giant wave leans forward and balances its burden; then, toppling, plunges into instant ruin, but leaves its treasure at our feet. I dash forward and fling myself upon the prostrate form and clutch it frantically, for I see another relentless wave approaching, and twenty hands seize me and the senseless form I hold in my futile grasp and bear us from the coming peril. "Tis a brave one! a shrimp to catch a whale!" say the men, and laugh loudly, and I find myself in my father's arms, being scolded and caressed by turns, and am told that the rescued stranger is to be taken to our cottage. "For he is alive, thank God!" my father says, "not drowned, like—lly's mind, my lass, who was drowned off Trollok Point, twelve years ago."

Did not I know by heart, although it had happened two years before my birth?

"Robert Rupell, papa."

"Yes," with a deep sigh, "God rest his soul."

II.

WHAT DEATH TOOK FROM ME.

My dreams that night were wild and confused, and I was glad to wake and see the sun shining over the treacherous ocean, which gently undulated under its rays, every blue wave tipped with silver spark, and melted into tenderest purple on the far horizon. Every now and then a white-sailed ship glided into view, or a boat skinned the surface like a bird, but there was no trace of the disaster of the night before. My thoughts flew to the shipwrecked stranger, in some degree my property, I felt, for if my strength had failed to rescue him, my will had been good.

I shook my hair over my shoulders and glided down the stairs, some idea of a proper toilette for the reception of a stranger in my mind, and having but the one short, blue gown I always wore, with another short, blue gown for change, I twined my coronal of shells around my head, as the nearest approach to dress in my power, and seeing a door partly open, the door of the "best room," which was parlor and bedroom in one, I insinuated my small person through the crevice, heard some one breathing gently, and approached the bed, which was shadowed by white curtains striped with blue. One of these I drew aside, and then stood still, gazing with awe and delight.

The small head was covered with thick, silken hair, as yellow as my own, not curled, but waving almost to the shoulders. The eyes were closed, but long, curling lashes lay beneath them, and two golden-brown arches defined themselves under the white brow, whose dazzling purity ran into a faint, creamy pink on the oval cheeks. The nose was straight and Greek, the mouth large, but with well-arched, beautifully-colored lips. One hand, slender and shapely, with rosy nails, lay just outside the coverlet, and the skin looked so like white satin to my eyes, accustomed only to the brown, hairy paws of sailors and fishermen, that I felt tempted to touch it, and lightly doing so with the tip of one finger, two golden-brown eyes opened upon me suddenly, contemplating me with a bewildered glance. The

red lips parted in a smile and spoke. "It seems my good luck has not altogether deserted me. Wrecked no one knows where, and nursed by a sea-nymph! It is Thetis or Amphitrite! or, by the loosened yellow locks, Anadyomene herself, shaking the foam from her tresses."

"It is Persephone," I said, climbing upon the foot of the bed, and so disposing myself as to command a full view of the object of my admiration.

"What pale Queen of Shadows! Pray, how did you escape from gloomy Die, and all his horrors? Don't think me mad—but when one goes to sleep in a fisherman's cottage, and wakes to find himself in the company of a sea-nymph, who calls herself Persephone, some slight confusion should be excused."

Here I innocently created a diversion by exclaiming, "How beautiful you are!"

"You make me blush, Persephone! But I suppose your subjects are of a somewhat different complexion, as a general thing. Tell me how you happen to be here, with your classical name and wonderful hair? Are you really just flesh and blood, like the rest of us?"

"Feel!" I said, leaning forward, and putting my rough hand into the satin palm lying carelessly on the coverlet.

"Your hands betray you! They are conversant with sea-weed and mussels, and I fear, my goddess, you have dug for crabs."

I snatched my hand away with sudden anger, my lips trembled and tears rushed to my eyes.

"She is offended! She is a sensitive-plant, a nantilus, and I have touched a gossamer nerve with my rude finger! Forgive me, gentle queen, and run away, or I shall eat you for now, and fairly awake, I begin to feel ravenous."

"You shall have some breakfast," I said, descending from my elevation. "I will tell mother that you are awake."

My mother pounced upon me as I came out of the stranger's room, and putting her large hand over my mouth, to stifle my cries, pushed me into the kitchen, where she boxed me soundly.

"Ye saucy jade, I'll larn ye manners. Dost think qualthy's for the like of ye? Out you, and mind the little wench!"

And with a parting slap, she pushed me towards the baby, who was playing in the sand, and over whom I poured such a flood of bitter tears, as made the little innocent cling to me, and cry with vague distress and unconscious sympathy. This soothed me somewhat, and I caressed the little thing, and was building a fort of many-colored shells for her amusement, when a voice near me said—"Persephone."

I sprang to my feet, blushing and trembling.

"What a timid little goddess! But no wonder—you are not accustomed to the light of day, and our upper-world aspect. Persephone, I am dull, I wish to be amused. Where are your haunts? Can you not take me to the gloomy cavern, through which the coal-black steeds of Pluto bore you to your subterranean kingdom; or shall we drive to some cool, coral grotto, where each thing suffers a sea-change into something rich or strange?"

"I can't leave the baby, sir."

"Is that a baby? Upon my word, I thought it a porpoise; but it is of the earth earthy—or at anyrate, of the sea, fishy, and no fit subject for the tendance of those little hands, which, brown and rough as they are, have the true lily shape."

"Oh! sir, I wish I could go with you!"

"Don't call me sir, call me—Rupert."

What do you think of my name, Persephone?"

"It is beautiful. It is like yourself."

"Say, Rupert, then."

"Rupert."

"You pronounce it very prettily. Come, my godless, the sun is at just such a height that the sea must look its best. Come and look at my shroud, Persephone—for my shroud it might have been, little one, and I should have looked a royal corpse, with my winding-sheets all diamonds and sapphires, and my manteau encrusted with pearls, which, as you know, are the sea-maids' tears. Have you ever seen a mermaid, Persephone?"

"I think I have, sometimes, way out at sea."

"And was her hair green, and did she have a mirror in her hand?"

"I think it must have been a siren—for I heard such a strange, sweet sound, like singing."

"Persephone, where did you learn about the sirens? And who taught you, a little sea-nymph, to speak with so pure an accent?"

"My father taught me, sir."

"I haven't yet seen your father, have I? Was that your mother who gave me my breakfast?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have said sir, twice, Persephone!"

"Yes, Rupert."

"My name was never as pretty before. You have a charming way, little Persephone. I would like to see your father. He must be a lusus naturae in these regions."

"He's a fisherman."

"Well, Persephone, come with me to the place where you sit and watch the mermaids, and I will say to you a poem which was written all about you."

"About me! Did you write it, sir?"

"Sir?"

"Did you write it, Rupert?"

"No, a lady wrote it—a lady who had never seen you, but had heard all about you. Which is the way, Persephone?"

"This way, Ru—port."

So I turned my back upon the baby, and upon my mother's wrath, as I would have turned my back upon a greater duty, as I would have bravely a more fearful anger, when beckoned by his hand, and urged by the sweetness of his golden-brown eyes.

I ran, and he ran. I looked back, and the baby was staring after us, with wondering eyes. Then she began to dig, contentedly, in the sand. I was happy. I held his hand. His beautiful eyes smiled down upon me. I led him up on the rock—I gave him the moist seat, and then inquired protectingly if he were comfortable. He laughed, and said no—that to sit straight up that way, on a rock, was by no means his idea of comfort.

"But I will tell you what is, Persephone. Sit down here in this very place—by the way, what a nice mo-s cushion this is! and I will lay my head on your lap—so. Now I can see the sky—how clear and blue it is! and when I get tired of the sky, I can see your eyes, which are as blue and clear—and when I get tired of both—one does not wish to look even into a pair of blue eyes forever, Persephone—I can shut my eyes, and hear the murmur of the sea, and that sweet, plaintive sound, far, far away, which must be as you said, the siren's song. Now, Persephone, I am going to say that poem I promised you: for I feel just in the mood, and it seems to me as if I could smell the daffodil—the dear old daffodil. Listen, Persephone—

She stepped upon Sicilian grass,  
Demeter's daughter, fresh and fair,  
A child of light, a radiant lass,  
And gamsome as the morning air.  
The daffodils were fair to see,  
They nodded lightly on the lea,  
Persephone—Persephone!

Lo! one she marked of rarer growth  
Than orchis or anemone;  
For it the maidens left them both,  
And parted from her company.  
Drawn nigh she deemed it fairer still,  
And stooped to gather by the rill  
The daffodil, the daffodil.

What ailed the meadow that it shook—  
What ailed the air of Sicily?  
She wandered by the rattling brook,  
And trembled with the trembling lea—

The coal-black horses rise—they rise;  
Ah, mother, mother! low she cries—  
Perse, home—Persephone!

"Oh, light, light, light!" she cries, "fare—  
well;

The coal-black horses wait for me—  
Oh, shade of shades, where I must dwell

"Why, tender little heart, you are crying!"

"No, I am not."

"You are. You may hide your face in your hair, but I saw tears in your eyes—and here is one on my face. No, it is not a drop of rain. Rain does not fall from a sky like crystal, naughty little one. Now tell me what made you cry."

"Where you, dear heart, were left from me."

"Why did that make you cry, Persephone?"

"Because you must go away."

"My dear child!"

"Oh! I wish you would stay. Oh, I wish you would not go away!" I said, clasping my hands, and looking beseechingly into the golden-brown eyes which smiled up at me.

"Little Persephone, you don't know what you are saying. I must return to my home, to my friends."

"But will you never come back?"

"Perhaps—years hence, Persephone when I am—married."

He half smiled, and his whole face flushed rosy.

I clenched my hand, and beat the air with it. "I hate her!"

"Hate whom, Persephone?" he asked, raising himself on his elbow, and looking into my face with wide open eyes.

"That woman."

"What woman?"

"The one you are going to marry."

"Why! Persephone?"

"Why did you come here, when I am never to see you again? Why are you so beautiful, like—like Apollo—or Jason when Medea first saw him? And I must always stay in this n—nasty place, and marry a fisherman!"

"Persephone."

"It was my father's voice. I flew to him, and buried my face in his breast, and clung to him, sobbing wildly, despairingly—thought my heart must be breaking.

My father looked around him. I knew by the tone of his voice that he was looking around in that way which always frightened me so dreadfully, and made the fisherman touch their foreheads and nod at each other without speaking.

"What are—the—little—lads?" he said, faintly. "She—is—crying."

"I told her a sad story, and I find she is very sensitive."

"Did you tell her about Robert Rupell? That always pains her. Yes, she is sensitive, very sensitive. I was once, but that was—long—ago."

"Robert Rupell?"

Rupert spoke eagerly.

"He was drowned—off Trollok Point—twelve years ago. Oh, how dreadful the storm was that night! The sea ran mountain-high, and tossed the ship like a cork from wave to wave. She reeled and plunged down, until we could see the dead men's skulls grin from the bottom, where they lay as thick as pebbles on the beach. But she rose like a bird from this chasm, yawning like the gates of a watery 'I', and again the ocean caught her and flung her upon a rock. She rebounded, shivered, struck again, and split like a rotten plank. The waters rushed up through her with a sound like the report of a cannon. The men were thrown into the air like feathers. They came down again. Of them struck the deck, and his brains flew into my face. Another was impaled on some of the broken and protruding frame-work. Many sank, never to rise again; others were drawn in by the force of the waters which sucked in the sinking ship. Some clung to the broken masts and shivered spasms, cursing, praying, calling on their God, and the names of those they had left at home."

"And Robert Rupell?"

"Robert Rupell had almost reached the shore, thanks to a life-preserver, when a great wave struck him, and dashed him upon a sunken rock."

"Then he was drowned?"

"Drowned—drowned. And—I—was—solved. Why was I saved when Robert Rupell, young, strong, brave and handsome, was drowned? It is a mystery. I cannot understand it."

"You were saved to love your little daughter, papa," I broke in, removing my sob, which the oft-told tale had interrupted, for a certain interest would cling to its well-known horror, and I have dreamed over and over again in my dreams after listening to it."

"You knew him and loved him, then?" said Rupert.

"Yes, I knew him—but you—you are pale—there are tears in your eyes!"

"He was my uncle."

"And your name?"

"Rupert Rupell."

"His brother's son! Yes, you are like me as I was when young and strong, brave and handsome. I—oh! the sea rises—help! help! I am dying—!"

My father fell to the ground. "Don't be frightened," I said. "It is nothing. He has them often. There is something in his pocket that the doctor gave him. Five drops—my hand shakes so I can't pour them. Oh, papa!"

"Raise him, Persephone. Loosen his handkerchief. Take my hat, run down to the beach and fill it with water."

I flew down to the beach, without being aware that I moved; I filled the hat, as in a dream. As in a dream I came back.

Rupert was kneeling by my father. His face, his beautiful face was pale and sad. With his long, waving hair, he looked like the picture I had once seen of an angel kneeling by the dead Christ.

"Persephone," he said, "little Persephone."

His voice was full of tears. I flung away the hat with both my hands. I fell upon my knees by my father. For the first time I found myself in the awful presence of Death.

III.

From the Diary of Rupert Rupell, Artist and Bohemian.

Since her father's death, the child is altogether inconsolable; she clings to me, and follows me about like a little dog, but when I attempt to speak to her of her loss, she flies into such a passion of grief that I almost fear for her life. She is such a fragile little creature, and her imagination has been so cultivated by that strange father of hers, that I forced much suffering for her if she continues to live among this very rude population. Her mother is a creature with the shoulders and arms of a blacksmith, with lungs of brass, and a countenance of iron. The child is a perpetual mystery to her, and she treats her as all vulgar people do that which they cannot understand, trying to attain by violence that knowledge which is only yielded to the most delicate handling. The child's thoughts are not her thoughts,

nor her ways her ways, and the poor little thing is beaten because her mother cannot comprehend her. She showed me a lily mark on her white shoulder, a shoulder like a little pearl, so pure and transparent. I kissed the poor, bruised flesh to soothe the child, and she blushed all over her neck like a very woman. I was quite abashed.

The child has just been to me in an agony of tears. It seems that the night before the burial of a corpse, it is the custom, in this part of the country, for all the friends of the deceased to assemble for the purpose of "sitting up with it," something which answers to the Irish wake. Food and liquor is provided, and many of the company are "gloriously drunk" before morning. The child's father has always expressed an abhorrence of this practice, and repeatedly refused to countenance it by his presence; but it seems that the widow, wishing to lose none of the elation of her situation, has issued invitations to the neighborhood, and is laying in a goodly supply of whiskey and eddies.

"And oh! Rupert, once they set the man up at the table and put a pipe in his mouth, and offered him something to drink," was the conclusion of the poor child's narrative, which had been interrupted by repeated bursts of tears.

"I am sorry, Persephone, but I can do nothing. Your mother refuses to listen to anything I may say."

"You can do something. If I were a man I would do it."

"What can I do?"

"You can steal him away, and bury him in the sea. He won't be lonely there as he would be in the ground, for there are the Sea-Nymphs, and Amphitrite, and Neptune. I know well be kind to him, he has such a long, white beard, just like Bob Larris's grandfather."

"Persephone, could you get Bob Larris to help me?"

"Oh, I think I could! I am sure I could."

"Go to him, then, as quickly as you can. Tell him I will give him five pounds for his assistance."

She was gone almost before I had finished speaking. It is fortunate that my remittance has arrived; for, if I do this thing, I must leave the country immediately.

She has come back. Bob Larris will do anything—not for pay, but for love of "the little wench." He will be under the window of my sleeping-apartment by twelve o'clock. I can step easily from it to the ground. The unbolting of the house-door is entrusted to Persephone.

"Do you feel happier now, Persephone?"

She nodded her head, and stood with clasped hands, looking out over the sea. Her attitude had all the abandonment of excessive grief; her full, red mouth was relaxed and drooping; her heavy-lidded eyes had a far-off look, and tears hung upon their long lashes, and glistened on the carmine of her cheek. Her long, bright hair was waved aside by the breeze, which also blew her short, blue skirt away from the faultless feet and ankles, half buried in the sand. As she stood, I sketched her into the foreground of a sea-view I had taken, intending it to be a souvenir of my shipwreck, and this bewitching child of the sea.

When I had finished it, I called her to look at it.

"Who is it, Persephone?"

"I suppose it is me."

"Do you not like it?"

"I like nothing, now."

The despairing tone touched me.

"You will feel differently in a few weeks."

"Will you be here, then?"

"No, I must go away—to-morrow morning."

"Will you take me with you?"

"I cannot, my dear little girl. I would if I could."

"You are a man. If I were a man, I would do as I pleased. You do not wish to take me."

"You don't understand, Persephone. I am not married. If I were, I would take you for my little girl; for I should then have a house of my own."

"I would not go with you, if you were married. I should hate your wife. But if you don't take me with you, I will go with my father."

"With your father?"

"I will drown myself in the sea, as Sappho did." She sat down with a look of determination upon her small features, and dropping her head upon her hand, looked down upon the waves at her feet with a smile.

The child's state of mind was such that I did not doubt she would keep her word. A plan for her future, suddenly suggested itself to me.

"You shall go with me, Persephone," I said.

She left her seat and came towards me—and before I could prevent her, was kneeling at my feet, kissing my hand, over which her tears poured like rain. I tried to raise her and make her sit by my side, but she would sit only at my feet, leaning against my knee, a happy smile on her face, and the glow of the sun-set reddening the soft abundance of her trailing hair.

Before midnight I was up and dressed, and wandering like an unquiet ghost, around the cottage. Just at the stroke of twelve, Bob Larris loomed like a giant through the pale moonlight, and seeing me, curved his hand before his mouth, as if about to hail a boat, and informed me, in a gigantic whisper, that all was ready.

"We'll take you out in a boat. To shore."

I nodded; and as we approached the cottage, the door opened noiselessly, and Persephone stood on the threshold. She beckoned us in, and stood, with averted head, while we raised the stark body of the dead man between us, laid it upon a plank, and bore him over the threshold he would never cross again. Then she closed the door carefully, and followed down to the beach, where the boat was rocking gently on the waves. There we deposited our burden, while Bob went to the boat, and brought thence a large piece of canvas, upon which we laid the body, and then stooping, I took up a handful of sand, and cast upon it, saying, in the beautiful words of the Service for the Burial of the Dead—"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to take out of the world the soul of our deceased brother, we therefore commend his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general Resurrection of the last day, and the life of the world to come—through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world; the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who

sleep in Him shall be changed, and made like unto His own glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

Bob Larris now wrapped the canvas around the corpse, and stitched it strongly, sailor fashion. We then carried it to the boat, where, while I was seating Persephone, Bob contrived to fasten a bag of heavy shot to its feet—and each taking a couple of oars, we rowed silently out into the night.

Persephone sat like a statue, seeming to watch the phosphorescent light that marked our course, until we stopped, when she grasped my arm firmly, and looked up in my face without speaking. I answered her glance, and withdrawing her hand she drew the folds of her cloak over her face. Bob had already raised the dead man's shoulders, and I lifting his feet, we swung him gently over the side of the boat, and releasing our hold, he sank through the dark waters which closed instantly over him. Persephone raised her head and looked around her, then bending over the side of the boat she took some of the water in her hand, and standing upright, threw it upon the surface of the ocean, as I had sprinkled the sand, chanting, in a sweet, wild voice

"Full fathoms five my father lies,

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes;

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change,

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell—

Hark, now I hear them—ding, dong, bell."

She raised her hand, and repeated the refrain—"ding, dong, bell"—in a sad monotone. And this was the fisherman's requiem.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1860.

### TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the claim may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) \$2.50; Two copies \$4.00; Four copies \$6.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$10.00. One copy of THE POST, and one copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices according to single numbers, and to clubs six cents. Contests of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia, or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, payable to our order. If a draft cannot be obtained, let it be made on a New York National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE.—Premium. For 90 subscribers \$2.50; for 100 subscribers \$3.00; and so on. We will send Grover & Baker's No. 27 Machine, price \$55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays \$2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists will be made up weekly, if desired, of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address—HENRY PETERSON & CO., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

### BLACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

George Canterbury's Will:

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We printed a small extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

### NOTICE.

To enable our

## Serpents and Venomous Snakes.

BY N. A. WOODS.

## PART II.

I confess to being fond of snakes. I don't mean "fond" in the "affectionate" acceptation of the term. I am fond of them only in the sense of the interest with which I have studied their extraordinary habits, both in captivity, and, to some extent, in a state of nature, and viewed with awe and astonishment the terrible powers which some species possess of inflicting inevitable, and, in some cases, almost immediate death from an apparently trivial scratch with their poison-fangs. Researches into the habits and natures of these deadly reptiles can never be a popular study. Not one in a hundred can look on a snake without fear, and not one in a thousand without feelings of the most intense abhorrence and loathing. The quiet study of them in a state of captivity, and from specimens of your own, is both difficult and expensive, as I well know. To attempt to study their habits in a state of nature is ten times more difficult and expensive still. Thus it is that really learned and earnest ophiologists are very rare; and thus it is that the most extraordinary amount of ignorance prevails about all relating to the habits and venomous effects of these reptiles. Of this ignorance I could give hosts of instances; but one or two will suffice.

A few years ago, a highly-educated and scientific officer in the service of the Indian government was returning to that country, and, knowing my peculiar tastes, he undertook to add as much as possible to my collection of venomous serpent-fangs, and especially to send the fangs of some of the large family of deadly water-snakes which I had not got. He remembered his promise faithfully, and most diligently set to work to perform it. A reward of a quarter of a rupee to the natives for all dead snakes soon brought in a large collection. I, of course, was delighted to hear how the collection was progressing.

Judge, therefore, of my disappointment, my annoyance, and, also, it must be added, of my amusement, when, after a lapse of two years, I received from my scientific friend a number of cards, on which were neatly written down, not the fangs, but the *long forked tongues* of some fifty venomous snakes, the names of each of which was neatly written under. He had actually believed, as ninety-nine ordinary persons out of a hundred do believe, that the deadly would was inflicted by the forked tongue, whereas, in fact, the forked tongues of all snakes are as little venomous as the tongues of ladies; I was nearly saying, less so. It was fortunate, however, for my late friend that in his innocence he did not attempt any extraction of the real fangs, an operation requiring peculiar care, and involving a certain amount of danger, as I will show presently. In an officer whose studies had not taken such a whimsical turn as mine, this want of knowledge may be easily overlooked; but what are we to say when so accomplished a hunter and so renowned a traveller as Sir Samuel Baker shows an almost equal amount of ignorance on this subject? In the history of the last great exploration to the Albert Nyanza he gives an account of an enormous puff-adder which they killed *en route*, and which he describes as having a blunt tail, like all *deadly snakes*, quite forgetting in this description, all the family of cobras, the Morocco snake, the cobra, the whip-snake, the white-lady, the tuba, and nearly all the deadly water-snakes, whose tails taper to the finest points. As if this was not enough, he proceeds to add that he extracted *four* venom-fangs from each side of the snake's jaw. Sir Samuel Baker has certainly discovered the source of the Nile; but neither he nor any one else has ever discovered a venomous serpent with more than two poison-fangs, one on each side of the upper jaw.

Last October a letter appeared in the London Times, relating the alarming symptoms which arose from the bite of a viper, to a gentleman who was thus injured while part-ridge-shooting, and the same letter had the coolness to relate that the bite of the English viper was never fatal. It will hardly be believed that the writer made this extraordinary statement on so high an authority as Mr. Bell, in his work on *British Reptiles*. As a matter of course, an assertion so sweeping and so erroneous was at once contradicted in the Times, on the authority of medical gentlemen, who had themselves attended fatal cases; and scores of such instances could be produced from the records of the country hospitals. I myself have only seen one fatal case, which occurred at Farmingham about twenty years ago. The victim was an old farm-laborer, and he sank and died in about sixty hours after he was bitten; but I venture to say that numbers of other well-authenticated instances I can myself produce. In all these cases where there has been a fatal termination, the great heat of the weather at the time is given as reason for the snake's unusual venom. It might just as reasonably be set down to pride of console or the state of trade, as I think I can easily show.

Let me premise that I am not a medical man, as far as practice goes, though I was reared for one. I am simply an amateur naturalist, whose studies, with those of a few other friends, have for many years past taken the somewhat eccentric direction of watching the habits and manners of snakes, *harmless, venomous, and deadly*. With almost every kind of snake, we have, one or other of us, experimented; and most of them have for the time been our own property. I need not say that we have never experimented on ourselves. What we have seen with dogs, kittens, rabbits, rats, guinea-pigs, fowls, ducks and sparrows, which have been given to the snakes, has been quite enough to satisfy our curiosity on the subject. We have not been quite able to afford such costly subjects as cows or horses, and we have never been able to overcome the serious difficulty of getting such animals into the snake's little cage, or getting the snake out with any sort of certainty that it would bite the proper subject; though I am quite convinced that the bite of a *deadly* snake would have the same result, whether it was inflicted on a rabbit or a bull—namely, certain death, whether in a few minutes or a couple of hours. Of this I can give instances which have occurred within my own knowledge, when both mules and cows have been bitten by rattle-snakes in the prairies; for, as far as my own small means have permitted, I have, when in Asia, Africa, or America, always pursued my inquiries as to the effects of the bites of venomous reptiles, and the possibilities or probabilities of their cure, if taken in time.

In most parts of the world, the grass, glen, field, and tree-snakes are not only utterly inoffensive, but can rarely be made to bite at all. With their larger brethren, however, the case is very different. They are large, bold, aggressive, and vicious; and though, as I have said, their bite is not at all venomous, it is most severe, and almost dangerous, from the time it takes to heal. This arises from the fact of their jaws being armed with many rows of small, sharp, crooked teeth, all pointing backwards; so that, no matter what the size or nature of the prey struck, it is sure, even if it escapes, to receive an infinity of little, close-set wounds, which are at once both punctured and lacerated. This class of snakes includes all the variety of pythons; whether the rock-snake of West Africa, the Guinea snake, the boa-constrictor of South Africa and Ceylon or Southern India, the bull-snakes of North America, or perhaps the greatest and most formidable of all, the dark or black anacondas of Southern and Central America. About the power of the boa-constrictor, and its great American sister the anaconda, the most absurd notions are afloat, and it is more or less popularly believed that they daily dine respectively of tigers and buffaloes. All I can say is that I wish they did; but I am reluctantly compelled to believe that a well-grown tiger would crush as easily through the body of the largest boa as a man would through a stick of celery. The constrictive power of the boa, however, is very great indeed, and I believe the great or dark anacondas to be more powerful still. There are not wanting instances of men having fallen victims to both; and probably for one instance that is known, ten may have happened of which nothing has ever been heard. Like all snakes, of whatever kind, they gorge themselves at one meal, and then retiring to their nests or holes, or caves, remain almost torpid for a week or a fortnight, or even longer. During the winter, they will probably not eat more than once a month, or six weeks, or even sometimes remain as much as six months at a time without taking anything whatever. Their powers of abstinence are, indeed, only to be equalled by their powers of glutony. One very fine boa at the Zoological Gardens remained for *one year* and *ten months* without touching anything; yet at the end of this time the reptile was in good condition, and looked, when coiled up, like a roll of beautiful oil cloth. It may be said, considering how abundant these reptiles are, that it is rather singular the great European collections should possess such few fine living specimens. A moment's reflection, however, will show the reason. When torpid and gorged with food, they conceal themselves with as much dexterity as a bird conceals its nest. When about and roaming for food, they keep in the densest forests, and are so active and vigilant as not to be easily overtaken, still less captured, without such injuries as they seldom survive for many hours or days. To take a big boa alive and uninjured among the trees of his native forests, or in the swampy marshes in which he delights to swim, is almost impossible. Besides, it must always be recollect ed that the natives of the countries they infest only wish for their destruction, and thus, though for a small present the curious traveller may get skins enough of dead snakes to make a railway rug, yet to get a single live specimen requires a comparatively large reward, and then the thing brought in is generally much injured, and always small. One of the largest boas, if not the largest ever kept in captivity was, until lately, at the Zoological Gardens. It was a female, which was captured at Ceylon while in a torpid state. It then measured about twenty feet long, but was very thin. Regular diet, however, and the care taken of it at the Gardens, where it was sent, soon improved its condition; and at the end of some six years it had grown to the length of more than twenty-nine feet, and was as thick round as a man's thigh. This monster was called "Boas," and to the last moment of her captivity, or rather of her life, she remained intolerably vicious. Even her keepers were afraid of her. Once she rose with such a reckless plunge against the attendant who was cleaning her cage as to knock him completely out of the opening by which he had entered, though fortunately not hurting him, and leaving him ample strength and time to close the slide before she could follow him, which she was quite prepared to do. This magnificent reptile died of a surfeit of her own *blankets*. She was casting her skin, and was, as is always the case at that time, partially blind, when her meal of rabbits was driven into her cage. The first she seized, crushed, and instantly gorged. With the others she was less successful. Warned, perhaps, by the fate of the companion, they were most agile in keeping out of the way. The second she struck at she missed altogether, but caught the blanket instead, around the unresisting mass of which she coiled and twined and crushed till she was tired, and then deliberately proceeded to gorge it. No effort could get it from her tenacious jaws, and indeed in her then savage humor it was not safe to persist in the attempt. So at her leisure, though not without considerable exertion, owing, no doubt, to the woolly nature of the texture, she succeeded in swallowing her rug, equal in size and thickness to the ordinary covering of a bed. After this gorging she lay torpid for about a week, when, with great efforts, she disgorged both the blanket and the rabbit she had previously swallowed. Both had evidently disagreed with her. After this she seemed ill, and refusing food for a month and more, coiled herself up and laid about seventy eggs. Then, though she was evidently very ill, she tried to hatch them, and all the scientific world of naturalists watched the result with so much interest that bulletins of her condition and progress in incubation appeared in the papers almost every other day. It is not much to be wondered at that the event created a sort of sensation, for in all the history of serpents no boa-constrictor had ever laid eggs in captivity. However, after some weeks' watching, the eggs, having been prematurely extruded, became bad; so they were removed with no little difficulty from under her. After their abstraction she seemed very restless, and refused all food; even the temptation of live duck, generally a quite irresistible bait to ailing boas, was taken no notice of. Nothing could tempt her appetite, and her fits of anger rose to perfect fury when her cage had to be cleaned. In the end this almost necessary process had to be given over, but still she refused her meals; and after languishing a few weeks more, suddenly stretched herself out and died; thus depriving us of one of the finest, if not the finest, that has ever been seen in captivity, and also of the chance of rearing up a race of genuine British boas to succeed her.

This accident of her having accidentally gorged her blanket has been held by many good naturalists, and not without reason, to be a proof that these reptiles possess little sense of taste or smell. They, however, overlook, or more likely have not heard of, the important fact that at the time *Bess* made this mistake she was casting her skin, and nearly blind. As a more matter of taste, it is very likely indeed that she did not find much palatable difference between the flavor of her blanket and the wool of the young lambs or fur of the rabbits she was accustomed to swallow whole. As a safe general rule, all boas are exceedingly vicious, and prone to bite and attack on the least disturbance. Like every general rule, however, this has its exceptions, which prove its truth. Thus there is now a boa at the Regent's Park Gardens which actually delights in being noticed. It is a young one, certainly, only a few years old, and, though as thick as a man's arm, is not more than some seven feet long. This is so docile as to come to the cage door the instant it is opened; and on the slightest sign of encouragement, such as being stroked down the back, of which it appears excessively fond, it will come quietly out and twine gently round the arm or neck or body of its visitor, and appears thoroughly to enjoy the warmth of its location. I have frequently seen ladies, and very young ladies too, with this serpent round their arms and waists. During the three years it has been at the Gardens, it has never shown any signs of vice, and indeed may now be looked on as thoroughly tamed; for though it is fast growing, there is hardly a week passes on which some visitor does not handle it.

As a contrast to this specimen, there is one which is not exhibited to the public, but is kept in the keeper's house in the Gardens at Regent's Park in a cage no larger than a lady's work-box. It is a true boa, a few months old, not much more than fourteen inches long, not thicker than a man's little finger; yet the viciousness of this miniature reptile is wonderful. When pinched out of its little nest, it rears itself, hisses, and bites at everything near it. It bites very sharply, too, as I have reason to know when I last attempted to put it back into its box, and it fastened on my finger, and I nearly broke its back. Yet this little worm—for it is in truth not much more—will kill and eat two grown mice at a meal, and will at any time, when not actually gorged, rise instantly to seize a young sparrow.

Another boa at the Gardens, which in a few years bids fair to rival the size and strength of the late lamented *Bess*, is very ill-tempered, or rather of very uncertain temper. This reptile is about twenty feet long, and rather thick for its length. At times it is in a good humor, and does not object to its blanket being moved or its head being lifted. At other times it is very vicious; and at these times it would be in the highest degree dangerous for even the keeper to put his hand near it. It may be said, "Why even the keeper?" But those who know the habits of serpents know that they do get accustomed to their keepers and feeders; and even venomous snakes, I am confident, are quieter and less dangerous with them than they would be with any other persons.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

## Benefit of Laughter.

Probably there is not the remotest corner, or little inlet of the minute blood-vessels (life-vessels) of the body, that does not feel some wavelot from that great convulsion (hearty laughter) shaking the central man. The blood moves more lively—probably its chemical, electric, or vital condition is distinctly modified—it conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. And so, we doubt not, a good laugh may lengthen a man's life, conveying a distinct stimulus to the vital forces. And the time may come, when physicians, attending more closely than at present unfortunately they are apt to do, to the innumerable subtle influences which the soul exerts upon its tenement of clay, shall prescribe to a torpid patient "so many peals of laughter," just as they now do that far more objectionable prescription, a pill or an electric or galvanic shock; and shall study the best and most effective method of producing the required effect in each patient. —*Good Health.*

■■■ "Wild Cat" is a new fairy piece in Paris, wherein the leading actress assumes the role of a cat, and "meows in a way that brings tears to the eyes," according to a correspondent.

## PROSPECTUS FOR 1870.

## THE LADY'S FRIEND.

This "Queen of the Monthlies" again comes before the public, and presents its unequalled inducements for the coming year. Among its novelties will be a new Premium Engraving, and the following novelties by distinguished authors:

## DID HE FORGET HER?

By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, author of "Fleeting From Fate," &c.

## THE CASCANON'S AUNT.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

## SOLID SILVER; OR, CHRISTIE DENNE'S BRIDAL GIFT.

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"THE LADY'S FRIEND" is edited by MRS. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevated character is allowed entrance into its pages.

## FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, &amp;c.

A splendid double-page finely colored Fashion Plate will illustrate every number. Also numerous other engravings illustrating the latest fashions of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hood-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

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Fourteen beautiful Steel Engravings, in addition to the twelve large Colored Fashion Plates, are published yearly.

## TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING.

This is the title of our new and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving—18 by 24 inches—

## ENGRAVED IN ENGLAND AT A COST OF \$2,000.

This represents a lover measuring his lady's finger for the Wedding Ring, and probably will be the most popular engraving we have ever issued. This beautiful picture is from the Song of Home by Washington at Mount Vernon, by Edward Everett in his Library, or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred; will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full (\$2,000) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club.

## PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

The January number for next year, will contain Portraits (one raised on Steel from Photographs) of MRS. HENRY WOOD, FLORENCE PRICE, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, MRS. MARGARET HOBSON, and AUGUSTA BELL. Of the more than one hundred, these are the only portraits ever issued, and they are copyrighted by THE LADY'S FRIEND.

## SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

New subscribers for 1870, who send on their names by the first of November, will receive the November and December numbers in addition, making *fourteen months in all*. And those sending their names by the first of December, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all*. Tens of thousands of new subscribers should take advantage of this liberal offer.

## DR. DEATON &amp; PETERSON.

No. 219 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Specimen Copies will be sent (post-paid) for ten cents.

TERMS.—The same, in all respects, as those of The Saturday Evening Post.

## A Visit to Byron's Grave.

A few years ago the writer of these lines happened to be in the neighborhood of Newstead Abbey. Having visited the Abbey, he went with some companions to see Hucknall-Torkard Church, where Byron lies buried. When the party reached the dreary, lonely little churchyard, the sexiness met them at the gate and told them they could not enter the church just then, but if they would wait a little they could have admission. Growing confidential, she told them that a lady was then in the church who had begged and stipulated that she was to be allowed to remain there perfectly alone and undisturbed for a short time. The lady had come there before; came there at long intervals; and always thus had the church to herself while she chose to linger in it. The mystery was easily explained. It was the Countess Guelpholi, on a pilgrimage to the grave of her dead lover. After a while she came out; and departed, not casting a glance around her, or even raising her eyes from the ground. Even the most rigid moralist, one would think, might find something pathetic and touching in this sad and sincere pilgrimage. It was rather a disturbance to the feelings it awakened in the breasts of our party, to be invited immediately after visiting the tomb of Byron, to inspect the grave of another celebrated Englishman in the churchyard, of whom the sexiness appeared to think a good deal more than she did of Byron—the tomb of Ben Caunt, the famous prize-fighter, who had then been lately buried in Hucknall-Torkard. —*Galaxy.*

Mr. H. M. MADWAY'S MINDY BELL.

Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

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After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for

every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, relieves inflammations and curbs congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

No matter how violent or exacerbating the pain, the RHEUMATIC, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, rheumatic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

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INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,

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CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,

BONE THROAT, DIFFICULTY BREATHING,

PALPITATION OF THE HEART,

HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,

HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,

CATARACT, INFLUENZA,

COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the *Mindy Bell* to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is like a race where some succeed  
While others are beginning,  
Tis luck in some, in others speed,  
That gives an early winning;  
But if you chance to fall behind,  
Ne'er slacken your endeavor;  
Just keep this wholesome truth in mind—  
"Tis better late than never!"

And if you keep ahead 'tis well,  
But never trip your neighbor;  
'Tis noble when you can excel  
By honest, patient labor;  
But if you are out-tripped at last,  
Press on as bold as ever;  
Remember, though you are surpassed,  
"Tis better late than never!"

No' labor for an idle boast  
Of victory o'er another;  
But while you strive your uttermost,  
Deal fairly with a brother;  
What's your station, do your best,  
And hold your purpose ever;  
And if you fail to do the rest,  
"Tis better late than never."

Choose well the path in which you run—  
Succeed by double daring.

Then, though the last, when once 'tis won,  
Your crown is worth the wearing.

Then first not if you're left behind,  
Nor ever slack your own bearing;

But ever keep this truth in mind—  
"Tis better late than never!"

## A Morass Adventure.

In the latter part of last summer, a scanty purse led me, in company with some relatives, to spend my holidays at a little village on the Welsh coast, out of the ordinary way of tourists, but otherwise remarkable for nothing but its general air of bleakness and sterility. The place was very quiet, and the lodgings were cheap, and tolerably comfortable. These essentials being secured, we had to put up with the scenery, which was not very attractive. A long low line of beach, surmounted by a high pebbled ridge, leading on the one hand to the foot of some bold jutting cliffs, and on the other losing itself in an estuary; behind this, a black and dreary-looking bog, stretching three or four miles inland, and intersected in every direction by wide, artificial ditches, and deep, natural fissures connecting the inky pools. A small river flowing into the estuary divides the bog, its course being marked by mounds of peat, cut from the former ground which forms its banks. Branching out at right angles to the river are other lines of peat-stacks, following the course of the larger drains, which herald the attempt to cultivate the dreary waste.

This was the view I beheld, as, standing one evening on the top of the stony ridge, I faced eastward. The sinking sun threw my shadow far over the bog, dimly seen as it fell over the gilded rushes and the crimsoning pools. I had been strolling out with my gun, in the hope of adding some specimens to my cabinet, and was thinking of returning homewards, when a long-legged heron slowly sailed high overhead, in the direction of the river. I watched the bird till it alighted near one of the peat-stacks, and, after noting the spot, I proceeded to a careful stalk, hoping to secure an acquisition. I contrived to get within seventy yards of the heron, and as there was no cover of any kind nearer, I lay down behind the last mound I had reached, and with finger on the trigger, watched patiently, in the hope that my quarry would feed towards me. I was not disappointed; it gradually approached some yards nearer my hunting-place, and then either caught sight or scent of me, for it suddenly rose, but in so doing came within range. Bang! went both barrels. Uttering a hoarse croak, the heron flew heavily away, keeping close to the ground, and evidently hurt. I sprang up and followed, jumping the ditches, and avoiding the soft ground as best I could. During one particularly long jump, I lost sight of the heron for a moment; I caught a sight of it again just in time to see it fall to the earth as softly as a snow-flake, and lie still with wings spread out to their full stretch. Between the bird and me, however, there was a crevasse wider than any I had yet leaped, and a dozen yards on the other side lay the object of my pursuit. The black slimy sides of the ditch overhung the water, which lay deep and still some six or seven feet below, and a few yards to the right connected with a large pool, having equally high and muddy banks. To the left was a labyrinth of similar ditches. Some distance in front, a broader and straighter crack in the flat expanse showed where the river lay. The bank on which I stood was a foot or two higher than the opposite bank. I describe the situation thus minutely in order to make the reader understand what follows happened.

Not liking to lose the prize so nearly in my grasp, I resolved to risk the jump. Laying down the gun, and taking my coat off, I made the effort, and cleared the ditch, only, however, by a few inches. I secured the heron, and smoothing its beautiful plumage, but little injured by the shot, threw it across to the bank from which I had just come. Then, on looking around, I found myself in a sort of *cave*. The bit of firm ground on which I stood was an island, and the only way of escape was the one by which I had arrived. Having to "take off" from a lower level, it was much harder to get back than it had been to come; but as there was no alternative, it had to be tried. I did not leap quite far enough, and pitched with hands and knees together against the edge. There was no vegetation to catch hold of, and after hanging on the balance for a few moments, vainly clutching at the mud, I fell backwards with a heavy splash into the water.

Fortunately, I am a good swimmer, and at first, while treading water, the ludicrousness of the affair alone struck me; but when I began to see that it might be difficult to get up those slimy, overhanging banks, I must confess I felt rather frightened. It was impossible to get out at the spot where I had fallen in. I swam farther up the ditch, and trying to bottom it, felt my feet touch the softening mud, that gave no support, but was ten times more dangerous than the water. The water became shallower as I struggled on, but the muddy bottom refused to give me a standing-place, and the muddy sides afforded no hold for my hands. It at last became so shallow that I had to turn on my back, to avoid kicking the mud as I swam, and when in this position, I could push my arms into it with almost as much ease I could push them through the water; but to draw them out again was far from easy. With a horrid

feeling of being unable to extricate myself from the mud, and of a slow suffocation, I made a sudden dash back into the deeper water, and tried the other ditches, only to be repulsed in the same manner. I swam round and round the pool, seeking for an outlet, and beginning to feel my boots and clothes very heavy. Even now I involuntarily smiled at the companion which suddenly occurred to me between myself in this plight and a mouse swimming round a bucket of water; but the thought that I too, like it, might be swimming for my life soon drove all ludicrous thoughts out of my head.

Matters now began to look very serious, when I saw a root or branch of some long buried tree projecting out of the bank, caught hold of it, but it was not strong enough to enable me to lift myself out of the water. All that I could do was to support myself with my hands just sufficiently to keep my head above the surface. I took this opportunity of kicking off my boots.

Up to this time, I could scarcely realize my position; but now the conviction began to dawn upon me that I might never again see the mother and sister I had left in the cottage a mile and a half away. I looked up at the sky, in which the twilight was fast giving place to the moonlight, and across which the clouds were merrily driving before the evening breeze; and then I looked at the black and slimy walls which hemmed me in, and felt as though I were about to scream with terror. From my childhood, I have always had a horror of confinement of any kind. I have felt strangely uncomfortable when I have been persuaded into exploring a cave, or when I have been shown through a prison. This feeling I felt now more strongly than the fear of drowning. To be hemmed in by those gloomy walls would be terrible.

To add to the weirdness, a hollow booming sound, almost amounting to a roar, ran through the quivering bog, intensified to me, no doubt, by my imprisonment in the heart of the moss. This, though I had never heard it before, I knew to be the note of the bittern. During the night, it was repeated several times, and anything more weird and dismal it would be hard to imagine.

I had not as yet thought of shooting, but I now did so till I was scarce. The only answer was the eerie scream of the curlew. The improbability of any one being near enough to hear me so late, struck me, and I desisted from the useless labor. The stillness was intense, broken only at rare intervals by the bittern or curlew. How long I clung to the branch, I do not know. Fortunately, the water was not cold. The clouds had cleared away, and the moon, near the full, shone brightly. Had it been dark, my courage must have given way, and I should most probably have sunk. As it was, I cannot say that I quite despaired of a rescue in some way or other. If I could only hold out till morning, some one might, I conjectured, come for the purpose of carrying away the turf sods, and might see my coat and gun, which would lead to a

greatly increased chance of having their "sport" interrupted, and stoned him to death. The result, it is said however, was to bring the gladiatorial shows into disrepute, and ultimately to abolish them. As Epes Sargent writes:

"Not in vain the youthful martyr fell,

Then and there he crush'd a bloody creed,  
And his high example shall impel  
Future heroes to do great a deed.  
Stony answers yet remain for those  
Who would question and pre-cede the time.  
In their season may they meet their foes,  
Like Telemachus, with front sublime."

## LOVE, HIS OWN AVENGER.

I think that you will miss it sorely yet,  
The love you fling so carelessly away:  
The passion, unfeared cruelly to-day,  
Will yet assert its power—in vague regret,  
In dull sad yearning, in a user's fret;  
For the old fondness, willful and astray,  
But keen in sympathy, prompt to alloy  
All ranking wounds in life's long battle met.  
At last, when the strange charm that wins  
so much

Has perished, in Time's weary wasting chain,  
When, paralyzed beneath his icy touch,  
The strong hands fail, the dark eyes plead  
in vain,

Then call on me—I think that magic breath  
Will even rouse the love you slay from death.

## What I Saw of Indian Zoology.

I went out to India with the idea that it was the land of wild beasts. I well remember, when travelling up to Raueegunj from Calcutta by the railway, which at that time went no farther, how I kept looking out of the carriage window, expecting to see at least a few wolves, if not a tiger or bon-constrictor. As the day was cloudy, I heard the gurgling sound of running water, and that not far off. I listened intently, and found it was no fancy. Water was evidently running into the pool, and I saw by the root it was clinging to that the water had risen some inches.

A cheering hope sprang up within me, as it flashed across my mind that the tide must be rising, and that the pool must have an outlet into the river.

I struck out in the direction of the sound. Then, to my intense joy, I saw distinctly, in the clear moonlight, that the water was streaming in fast through several small inlets, and pouring in quietly and steadily, through one of the ditches I had previously swum up. I knew that if the tide rose another foot or eighteen inches, I could be treading water fast, spring up so high as to be able to catch hold of the top of the bank, and so swing myself up. I knew also that the water could not possibly begin to flow into the bog-pools until it was nearly high tide. Returning to my resting-place, I watched anxiously, the prospect of speedy deliverance banishing all weariness.

The water continued to pour in steadily and in greater volume. The dawn was now breaking, and I had not much longer to wait. The water had ceased flowing, and the bank in one place was barely five feet above the water.

Taking a long breath, I let myself sink low, and then treading water as strongly and quickly as possible, I threw half my body above the surface of the pool, and caught the top with one hand. Before the soft earth had time to crumble beneath me, I had obtained a firmer grasp with the other hand, and in another moment stood on the moss—sated, drinking in with eager gasps the fresh air of the morning.

The white haze was rapidly clearing away, and through it I saw five or six men hurrying towards me. I have a confused idea of being helped to my lodgings, and of afterwards telling my adventure to many eager questioners.

The soaking I had had, and the exposure to the unhealthy mists which rise from the morass in the night, caused an illness for a time, but the effects soon wore off.

The heron is stuffed, and adorns my cabinet, unconsciously the revenge which overtook its destroyer.

as bad, perhaps, as that of ten hornets, is followed by the most agonizing pain for about twenty-four hours, and which sometimes causes the injured part to mortify if not properly treated. These repulsive-looking insects come into our houses chiefly during the rains, and nestle themselves under the rugs and mats, and run over our bath-rooms in a manner which makes it quite dangerous to move about. As for walking in stocking-feet in our bed-rooms, we dare not think of it. Some of them take it into their heads to climb up on our doors, from which, when suddenly shut or opened, they sometimes fall off. I remember once a horrid creature fell in this way on my neck. The effort to keep my hand from rising to brush it off was most painful. The itching sensation and the dread of an immediate sting made my blood run cold. However, I fortunately had presence of mind enough to leave it alone till I had beckoned to a servant, who most cleverly, with one quick sweep of the hand, knocked it on the ground, and then stamped it with his shoe.

Another scorpion found its way into the house of my wife's soft sponge, leaving nothing but its sting exposed. During her short stay in India she had not happened to see one of these dreaded insects. What, then, was my horror when, coming into our room, I found her, after washing her face with the sponge, feeling at something which she described to me as "so hard and so sharp." I went over to look, and there was her finger on the very sting itself, which just then began slowly to move, for the creature was quite alive. But, as the native servants said, God gave her power over the scorpion that it could not hurt her. I took the sponge, saying it was some nasty insect, and, going outside the house, shook out the deadly, creeping thing, and killed it with a stick. It was about two inches long. Two hours after I told my wife what an escape she had, and to this day we keep the sponge as a token of God's goodness so us on that occasion.

The scorpions are numerous in our gardens, and it is most wonderful how the poor native gardeners escape. They are constantly thrusting their hands into rat-holes and other places where such things are lying concealed. One day my native groom-tooled down to fill up a hole in the earth which I had observed, and directed his attention to. He instantly started up with a bitter cry. He had been stung by a large black scorpion, while the gardener, who was near, told me that for thirty years he had been constantly putting his hand into such holes, and had never once been stung.

But this reminds me, as I walk about our pretty fruit-garden I hear a little bird making an unnatural, gurgling noise. Looking round, I see it fluttering about three feet over the ground, and in a state of great excitement. I know at once by the well-known sound, that it is being fascinated by a snake. Calling aloud ("Ket-hat, or "Quibye") for my dark-colored and ever-watchful servants, I run with my stick, and with one blow just on the neck, disable a serpent about seven feet long. It is of the largest kind I have ever seen in their natural state. These are not poisonous; they sometimes, however, give a very severe blow with their tail. The dangerous kind are much smaller, from six inches to three feet long, and are not so common as the larger kind. These reptiles also at times come uninvited into our houses.

One morning, after a night of heavy rain, I was walking up and down one of my rooms reading an important letter, and, wishing for more light, I turned suddenly to open a Venetian door, outside which some natives were sitting. The shock brought down a little snake about a foot and a half long, and very poisonous, which must have been on the top of the door. It fell on my arm, and gliding round to my hand, felt so cold that I dashed it off to the ground with great force. The natives outside shouted first that I had been poisoned, for they saw by its spots what a venomous snake it was. When, however, I quietly walked over to them, they said that by the power of God I had shaken off the serpent. Many who have been long in India become so accustomed to keep their eyes on the ground, for fear of treading on a snake, that they could not possibly advance on foot with their gaze on any object above the earth. The attempt to do so is just like trying to keep the eye from blinking.

There is another most disagreeable nuisance, experienced only by those who go out in tents or sleep under trees. It is the black, hairy caterpillar, called by the natives "Kamla." This is so very poisonous that if it only falls on any one, or if even a single hair touches the body in any part, it produces a most irritating rash, which spreads rapidly over the whole body. I did not believe this latter fact about the single hair till I had myself experienced it in the following way. One day I saw a small insect the size of a pin, which I took to be a Kamla. Knowing well how they ought to be avoided, I got a bit of stick to push it away. I had killed it and got it to the edge when the stick broke, so I gave it one touch with my slipper. Immediately after I wiped the slipper carefully on a mat and examined it, to see there were none of the hairs sticking to it. I could see nothing of the kind; but one at least must have remained, though perhaps invisible, for a few days afterwards, having occasion hastily to change my clothes, some part of them touched the slipper, and then was drawn along my leg, and as it touched the poison rash arose on the skin, and for several days I was almost helpless, finding relief only from constant applications of butter. How this homoeopathic dose of poison acts on the system I leave for clever heads to find out.

The centipede is another most annoying insect. It sometimes creeps over the face or hands of a person lying asleep, who wakes up in the morning with a most painful itching, which gradually rises into a dangerous rash. Should the sleeper awake at the time and attempt to pull the insect off, it fixes its poisonous claws all the more tightly into the skin, and will scarce let go when touched by a red-hot iron. I have myself escaped this torture, but have often witnessed the suffering of my friends.

There is another very small persecutor, which gives annoyance chiefly to ladies—the flying bug. This little insect, something like a diminutive beetle, comes flying into our rooms, during the rains, as soon as the lamps are lit, and drops on our plates and dishes, and even into our tumblers, leaving behind a very strong and disagreeable odor. It is sometimes almost amusing to observe the contusion caused by a few such little torturers at a dinner-party.

I was going to speak of mosquitoes and other minor zoological annoyances, but I have already said enough about what I may call the too-familiar natural history of India.



THE MARTYR OF THE ARENA.

Our engraving represents a scene in the Colosseum at Rome. A young Christian named Telemachus, as the account is given, outraged by the brutal gladiatorial combats, leaped the barriers and interposed himself between the combatants. The immediate consequence was that the audience were

greatly incensed at having their "sport" interrupted, and stoned him to death. The result, it is said however, was to bring the gladiatorial shows into disrepute, and ultimately to abolish them. As Epes Sargent writes:

"Not in vain the youthful martyr fell,

Then and there he crush'd a bloody creed,  
And his high example shall impel  
Future heroes to do great a deed.

Stony answers yet remain for those  
Who would question and pre-cede the time.

In their season may they meet their foes,  
Like Telemachus, with front sublime."

## HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on  
By paths we did not know;  
Upward He leads us, though our steps be  
slow,  
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,  
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the  
day,  
Yet when the clouds are gone  
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on  
Through all the unquiet years;  
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and  
fears  
He guides our steps. Through all the  
tangled maze  
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days,  
We know His will is done;  
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,  
After the weary strife,  
After the restless fever we call life—  
After the dreariness, the aching pain,  
The wayward struggles which have proved  
in vain—  
After our toils are past—  
Will give us rest at last.

## GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.  
AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED  
COURT FARM," &c.

[In order that new subscribers who commence taking THE Post with the present number, may be able to go on with Mrs. Wood's story, we give the following brief summary of the previous chapters:—

George Canterbury is a very wealthy English gentleman of over sixty years of age. He has four daughters, Olive, Jane, Millicent (Leta) and Lydia—the last being married to a gentleman named Dunn.

Mrs. Kage is a lady of aristocratic connections, but small means. She has one daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, named Caroline. The mother is affected and insincere—the daughter fond of luxury and distinction, and having a horror of becoming the wife of a poor man.

Caroline's cousin, Thomas Kage, is a poor young lawyer, of good abilities and fine character. He loved Caroline, and both Caroline and Millicent Canterbury (who have been bosom friends) love him. Caroline had concealed her own love from Millicent.

Thomas Kage proposes to Caroline, having an offer of a fair position in India, but is refused—for Caroline cannot bring her mind to the thought of economical living with any man, even the one she loves best. He therefore concludes to remain at home, and practise his profession.

In the meantime old Mr. Canterbury pays more attention to dress, mounts a wig, proposes to Caroline, and (to his mother's great joy) is accepted. The wedding takes place in a short time—the "happy couple" make the usual wedding tour—and the bride and her adoring husband return home.

There are several other characters, but we think the reader is best left with the above brief outline.]

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE SHADOW OF THE FUTURE.

The rejoicings at the christening of an heir to the godly estate of the Rock were beginning to die away in neighboring ears. The bonfires were burnt out, the ashes of the fireworks scattered to the far winds, the tenants and laborers had digested the dinner and the drink, and things had quietly settled down again. Such rejoicings! both indoors and out; and all because a poor little infant had come into this world of trouble.

Legally speaking, he was not born the heir, for the estate was not entailed, and Mr. Canterbury, its owner, could bequeath it to whom he would. Little danger, though, that he would leave it away from this child of his old age; no urchin, playing at soldiers in a sword and feather bought at the fair, was ever half so vain-glorious as was Mr. Canterbury over this new baby.

The child was born on the 15th of August, which had also been, rather singular to say, his mother's wedding-day twelve months before. Only one short twelvemonth! and yet strange changes had taken place in it. The Miss Canterebrays had quitted the Rock, and Mrs. Kage spent so much of her time there, that it might almost be said she had made it her home.

Lydia Dunn's prophecy—that her sisters would be driven from their home by its new mistress—had turned out to be a true one; and that lady of strong common sense would have been full of self-gratulation accordingly, but for the indignant pity that was burning her to her fingers' ends.

Young Mrs. Canterbury, indulged to folly by her husband, had commenced her sway at her new home as if she thought the world was made for her exclusively. At first—quite at first—she seemed inclined to be pleasant, and to consider others as well as herself; but she speedily fell into the mistake, that some, in a like position, had made before her—that of seeking to bend every one by whom she was surrounded to her own capricious and sovereign will. It is possible that she might not have tried to break the peace of the Miss Canterebrays, but for the secret urging to it of her mother. Nay, it is not too much to say that Caroline might have been sufficiently well-disposed towards them, might have let them be happy in their father's home in her indifferent, thoughtless temperament, but for the private promptings of Mrs. Kage. She wanted them out of it.

The young ladies bore in silence as long as they could. They wished to bear, and to be considerate to their father's wife, yielding to her all proper deference. But when it came to thwartings of their will and petty galling tyranny, to tacit but very palpable insult, then Olive turned. Not in the same spirit, but grandly and loftily, essaying to bring reasoning and calm remonstrance to bear. Young Mrs. Canterbury resented it, and unpleasantness ensued. Mrs. Kage, like an amiable fox, stepped in to heal the breach, and made it ten times wider. It was impossible but that Olive should detect the motive of all this—that they should be driven from the Rock, so that it might be left entirely free for Mrs. Canterbury and her mother.

She appealed to Mr. Canterbury. There was appealing and counter-appealing. That gentleman threw the whole blame back on his daughters. He was quite honest in doing

it, for he could only believe them to be in fault; had an angel whispered to him that his wife could be wrong, he would have disbelieved it. With his new idol by his side in all her beauty, and the Honorable Mrs. Kage whispering sweetly-insidious whispers into his ear every other hour in the day, how could it be otherwise? Ere Christmas had well turned, the ill-fated young ladies could bear it no longer, and were compelled to acknowledge themselves driven from their childhood's home, to find refuge elsewhere. It was arranged that they should remove to a pretty house on the estate called Thornhedge Villa; Mr. Canterbury setting them up with all things he thought necessary, including a carriage, and covenanting to allow them fifteen hundred a-year. He assumed that it would be but a temporary separation; that they would soon "make it up" with his wife and return to the Rock. "Oh, of course, dear sir, nothing but temporary; they'll speedily come to their senses," said Mrs. Kage, softly acquiescent. And so, on a cold, bitter day in February, when the icicles hung from the trees, and snow was falling, George Canterbury's daughters went out of their luxurious home, to take possession of the comparatively humble dwelling, Thornhedge Villa.

One great feature in the programme of young Mrs. Canterbury's visions had to be dispensed with—the season in London. How ardently she had anticipated it, none save herself could tell. The presentation at Court, with its attendant outlet for gratified vanity—the opera-box, the balls, the park, the thousand-and-one features of aristocratic London life—had all to be postponed to another year. Ere the time fixed on for removing thither—April—Caroline had fallen into so weak and suffering a state of health, that she herself was not the last to know and say she could not stir from the Rock. George Canterbury, while bewailing the fact in great anxiety, felt nevertheless quite aglow with pride and hope, in his consciousness that it was within the range of probability an heir would in course of time be born. The neighbors for miles round hoped the anticipated heir would turn out a girl; for they were brimful of sympathy for the wrongs of George Canterbury's daughters. And so the time went on to August, and on the 18th of that month Millicent and fears were solved by the little child's birth—a boy.

But the year, apart from their sorrow, had not been altogether destitute of event for the Miss Canterebrays. Jane was engaged to be married. An attachment had existed for some time between her and Mr. Rufort, the new Rector of Chilling. Just before Christmas, he had made proposals for her formally to Mr. Canterbury, and been accepted. His father, Lord Rufort, offered no objection to the match; but he privately told his son he ought to have done much better in point of family. Austin laughed: his reverence for "family" was not so great as his father's; and the stern old lord condescended to say that Miss Jane Canterbury's wealth would in a great degree atone for the other deficiency.

It was a fine night in the beginning of October. The rejoicings at the birth of the heir had died away, as already said, and Chilling was quiet again. Mr. Rufort was spending the evening with the Miss Canterebrays at Thornhedge Villa; which, in point of fact, was nothing unusual. They had drawn away from the lights to collect round the large French window of the drawing-room; it opened to the sloping lawn outside, with its tufts of geraniums and other sweet autumn flowers. The night was very beautiful—calm and still and clear; the hunter's moon shone brightly in the heavens. It was growing time for Mr. Rufort to depart; they had had some music, had talked of various subjects of interest, gossip and else, and so the evening had rapidly passed. Only that day week they had been at the Rock, at the christening of the little boy-baby. A fearsome grand affair, that christening. Mr. Rufort, as rector of Chilling, had but assisted at it; nobody less than a bishop was allowed to perform the ceremony. In visiting the Rock as their residence, the Miss Canterebrays—gentle, right-minded ladies—had not brought matters to a rupture; amicable relations existed, so to say, still, at which the Honorable Mrs. Kage looked on with a green, wary, jealous eye. Only this very afternoon, Mrs. Canterbury's carriage had stopped at Thornhedge Villa, and Mrs. Canterbury herself, lovely and more blooming than ever, had come in to pay a visit. One fact the young ladies could not help noticing: that they were not encouraged to go to the Rock at will. If invited on any chance state occasion, well and good; but otherwise they were not expected at it. Ah, they had a great deal to bear! But the evening was over; Mr. Rufort could not linger, and shook hands with them.

"I may as well go out this way," he observed, opening the half-window.  
"But your hat?" said Miss Canterbury.  
"Ring, Millicent."  
"Do not ring; I have it here," he interposed, taking from his pocket a cloth cap, doubled into a small compass. "There," said he, exhibiting it on his hand for their inspection; "what do you think of it? I call it my weather-cap. If I am fetched out at night, I put on this, tie it over my ears, and so defy wind and rain."  
"You had no wind or rain to-night," remarked Millicent.  
"No; but in coming out I could not find my hat. It is a failing of mine, that of losing my things in all corners of the house. I sadly want somebody to keep me in order," he added, looking at Jane.

"Some men never can be kept in order," interposed Millicent rather saucily, with a touch of her old light spirit, which, from some cause or other, had been sadly heavy for a long while.  
"I am not one of those," laughingly replied Mr. Rufort. "Well, good-night, Jane, you may as well come as far as the gate with me."

Jane glanced at Olive as she would have glanced to a mother; Miss Canterbury had been regarded by the others almost in the light of one. Mr. Rufort held the glass-door wide for her, and she stepped on to the gravel path; he then closed the window, and held out his arm. Jane finished tying her pocket-handkerchief round her throat, and took it. He walked bareheaded.  
"Put on your cap, Austin."  
"All in good time," he replied.  
"You will take cold."

"Cold, Jane! A clergyman is not fit for his work if he cannot stand for an hour with his head uncovered in bad weather—tonight is fine. If you saw the model of a guy this elegant cap makes of me and my beauty, you might take it in your head to reject me."  
Jane smiled; her own quiet, confiding smile; and Mr. Rufort looked at her and drew her arm closer against his side.



"I AM IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE. STAND ASIDE!"

"Jane, I had a selfish motive in bringing you out with me. It was to tell you that the rector wants a mistress, and the parish wants a mistress, and I want a wife. We cannot get along as we are."

"Mr. Anneley had no—wife, Jane was going to say, but stopped herself ere the word fell. 'The rector and the parish had no mistress in his time,' she resumed, framing her answer more to her satisfaction, and be got along, Austin."

"After a fashion: a miserable fashion it must have been. That's one cause why things have tumbled into their present state. I don't mean to let them be without one long."

Like the arguments of a great many more people, Mr. Rufort's, strictly examined, would not have held water. If the late Rector had not (for many years at least) had a wife, the rector and the parish had had his daughter as most efficient mistress. Mr. Rufort, so far, was but speaking in jest, as Jane knew.

"Here we are at the gate," she said. "And now I must go back, or Olive will be calling to me. She is watching me from the window, I am sure, to see that I don't linger."

"Not she. She knows you are safe with me."

"Oh, certainly; but she is always fancying we shall take cold."

"You take cold? I declare I forgot that. I beg your pardon for my thoughtlessness, Jane. Well, then, I will not keep you now, but I shall speak further to-morrow."

He threw his arm round her waist with a quick movement, and drew her behind the shrubbery which skirted the gate, so that they were hidden from the house. And there he imprinted kiss after kiss upon her unyielding face.

"Oh, my goodness?" groans the fastidious reader. "A clergyman?"

"Well, of course it was grievously improper. But, as it did happen, where's the use of hypocritically concealing it?"

"Jane, my darling," he murmured, "I must have you at the rector before Christmas. Think it over."

"As you will," she softly answered.

With the last kiss Mr. Rufort opened the gate, swung through it, and took the path that led to the rector. Jane stood a moment to watch him: she saw him put on his "guy of a cap;" she saw him turn and nod to her in the moonlight; and she clasped her hands together with a movement of happy thankfulness, thinking how very much she loved him. Olive, anxious on the score of the night-air, for she did not fancy Jane was particularly strong, tapped at the window, and the young lady ran in.

The following afternoon, as the Miss Canterebrays were crossing the Rock-field, as it was called, on their way home, they saw Mr. Rufort at a distance. He turned to meet them; but his step seemed slow and weary; his face wore a vexed, grave look.

"He has been annoyed with some painful business or other," surmised Olive; "though it must be more than a trifle to affect Mr. Rufort. I must say, Jane, you will have a good-tempered husband. If Austin has no other praiseworthy quality, he has that of a sweet temper."

"I think he has a great many others," returned Jane, in her quiet way. And Olive laughed.

Mr. Rufort came up. After a minute spent in greeting, he touched Jane, and caused her to slacken her pace. Miss Canterbury and Millicent walked on.

"Jane," said he, when the distance between them had increased, "what is this barrier that has come, or is coming, between us?"

Jane Canterbury looked at him for a few moments in silent surprise. His face was pale; he was evidently agitated.

"I do not know what you are speaking of, Austin," she said at length.

"My father rode over to-day, and told you out with me. It was to tell you that the rector wants a mistress, and the parish wants a mistress, and I want a wife. We cannot get along as we are."

"Mr. Anneley had no—wife, Jane was going to say, but stopped herself ere the word fell. 'The rector and the parish had had his daughter as most efficient mistress. Mr. Rufort, so far, was but speaking in jest, as Jane knew."

"Nothing," said Jane—"nothing." And her look of consternation too plainly indicated that she had not. "But did Lord Rufort give you out further explanation?"

"I could get nothing else from him. He was in that incommodious humor of his, which is a sure indication that something has gone wrong. He did not get off his horse. Mrs. Kage, who in passing had stopped inside the rector's gate to look at my autumn flowers, was with me in the garden when he rode up. He made a sign to me with his whip and I went out. The groom had drawn up close behind, and my father, seeing this, said 'Ride on, sir,' and of course Richard rode on. I knew by the sharp tone all was not smooth; and then he told me what I have said to you, just in so many words."

Jane's heart was beating.

"What was it he meant about my father?"

"I asked an explanation. He seemed too angry, or too—if I may use the word—toofly to give it; and said I had best inquire of that of Mr. Canterbury. 'Or of the neighbor either, for it is no secret,' he added, as he rode off, barely lifting his hat to Mrs. Kage, who had come to the gate."

"Nothing," said Jane. "Misapprehension of what?" debated Mr. Rufort, standing still as he asked the question.

She could not say; she could not imagine what, more than he. Both were completely at sea. One fact was indisputable—that Lord Rufort, sedate, sure, cautious, was the last man in the world to take up a mischievous notion, no matter what it might relate to. That some trouble or other had arisen, they felt very certain; and a miserable sense of discomfort took possession of both. Mr. Rufort was the first to speak.

"Whatever it may be, Jane, let us prepare to meet it," he impressively said, laying his hand upon her arm, and gazing into her eyes. "We are no longer children, and may not be dealt with as such. To fly in the face of parental authority and marry in defiance of it, is what, with our professed feelings and principles, we could neither of us do; but on the other hand, no father, whether your or mine, can be justified in attempting to separate us. Therefore, should a storm be bursting over our heads, we will wait with what patience we may until it is weathered, implicitly trusting in each other's faith, secure in each other's love. Do you understand me, my dearest?"

"Yes," she sighed; "and I think you are right, Austin. I promise to be guided by you in all things. I know you will not lead me wrong."

He snatched her hand and clasped it. They were in the open field, or he might have snatched something else.

"Then we rest secure in mutual faith and truth," he said, as they began to walk on. "Whatever shall befall, you are still mine: remember that, Jane."

Olive and Millicent had stopped, and were looking back. Olive thought they seemed agitated, and she wondered: the calm-natured, easy-mannered minister, the sensible, tranquil Jane. Could anything be wrong?

"Walk on and wait at the stile," said Miss Canterbury to Millicent, whom she was a little apt to consider a child still. And so Millicent went on, and Olive took a few steps backward to meet them.

"In anything amiss, Mr. Rufort?"

"Austin, let us tell Olive," was Jane's hurried whisper.

"Of course," he answered. "I intended to do so."

Olive listened to his explanation, and smiled a little as she did so. In her way she was every whit as lofty as Lord Rufort, in mind and manner too. That anything could be supposed to happen sufficient to separate Jane and Austin Rufort, short of their own free will, she looked upon in the light of a simple absurdity. Mistakes, misapprehensions, were common enough in the world, she observed; this must be one.

"Not the least-to-be comprehended part of the whole is, that my father should have said it was no secret in the neighborhood," observed Mr. Rufort.

"Yes, that certainly sounds a little curious," admitted Olive.

"The most feasible construction I can put upon it is, that his lordship and Mr. Canterbury may have had some quarrel," continued Mr. Rufort. "Though how my father can construe that into a reason for my giving up Jane, I cannot conceive. He is not an unjust man."

"I feel thoroughly sure that when we saw papa this morning, he had no quarrel whatever with Lord Rufort," replied Olive; "and I feel almost as sure that they have not met since. Papa left us before one o'clock to go home to an early luncheon, for he and Mrs. Canterbury were going out afterwards to pay some visit; and we saw the carriage drive by with them."

"They cannot have met Lord Rufort, and—had any disagreement then?" hesitated Jane.

"Nonsense, Jane," reproved Olive; "they would not dispute in the presence of Mrs. Canterbury. To suppose either of them likely to dispute, under any circumstances, seems to me excessively improbable. Who is it that lets in talking to over the stile so eagerly? Oh, Mr. Carlton."

"Is it Carlton?" cried the rector. "They are discussing the world's private affairs, then, for he bears all the gossip and can keep nothing in. But I must leave you for the present, Miss Canterbury; I shall see you to-night. Good-bye, Jane."

He struck across the field, and they walked on leisurely towards the stile. Millicent turned, and ran back to meet them in haste and unmistakable excitement.

"What is it, Leta?" asked Miss Canterbury.

"Oh, Olive!" was the reply, and Millicent was breathless as she spoke it. "I don't fully understand what it is. Mr. Carlton has been telling me something about papa."

"What has he been telling you?"

Millicent entered on the tale as succinctly as her agitation permitted her. Between that, and her own imperfect knowledge, it was not very clear. It appeared that as she reached the stile, when sent forward by Olive, their old friend, Mr. Carlton of Chilling Hall, was passing down the road in his pony-gig. Seeing Millicent, he stopped, got out, and went to her.

"My dear," he began, without greeting or circumlocution, "tell your sisters that I have refused to act, for I will never have a hand in robbing them or you."

"In robbing us, Mr. Carlton!" was Leta's surprised rejoinder.

"To give your patrimony to others and turn you out penniless is a robbery, and nothing less," continued Mr. Carlton; "therefore I have informed my old friend Canterbury that he must get somebody else to help

"I know nothing. What is there to know?"

"My dear Miss Olive, I surely believed you knew all—more, indeed, than I do. I thought I understood from Mr. Canterbury that his daughter were privy to the arrangement; I fully thought he said so. It must have been my own mistake."

Olive waited; she supposed he would come to the point in time. Mr. Carlton appeared to be revolving matters while he stood. Suddenly he struck the shaft of the gig with emphasis.

"Well, I don't regret having told you, my dear. No, I don't. It would be a cruel thing for it to come upon you like a thunderbolt when he was gone."

"But you have not told me, Mr. Carlton. See how patiently I am waiting to hear it."

"Your father dropped me a note some days ago saying he was going to make his will, and asking me if I would oblige him by being one of the executors," began Mr. Carlton, plumping into the story. "I dropped a note back to say Yes. But I reminded him that I was born in the same year that he was, and that his life, so far as anybody knew, was just as good as mine. Don't you think it is, Miss Olive?"

"Yes. Pray go on."

"Well, the will was prepared; and I conclude we should have been called upon to sign shortly. But yesterday morning when I was at the Rock, in talking of it with Mr. Canterbury, I said to him—just as old friends do say such things to each other—that I hoped he had taken good care of his daughters. And, to my utter surprise, I found he had beat you off with the most paltry sum conceivable—five thousand each."

A spot of glowing vermillion shone forth from Miss Canterbury's cheeks. They burnt like fire.

"So I told him I would be no executor to that will; and therefore, if he could not make a better, he must find somebody else to act. I wouldn't. And away I came in a huff, and nearly fell over Mrs. Canterbury, who was at the study-door when I opened it. Miss Olive"—and the speaker dropped his voice to a whisper, as if afraid the pony might hear, or the hedges on either side—

"I think young madam must have been listening, though I'd not have such a hint get abroad for all the money ever coined. And her mother was peeping her old face round the boudoir-door seeing that she did it."

"The property is left to Mrs. Canterbury!" remarked Olive, her eyes flashing.

"Of course. To her and the boy between them. I was too hot and vexed to retain the particulars, but I can get them if I want to. It's being willed away from you and your sisters was too much for me. Why, Miss Olive, the least he could do would be to leave you fifty thousand apiece, seeing that you were but lately heiresses to all of it. Or let him be *just*, in spite of his new wife and boy, and halve the whole."

Old friend though Mr. Carlton was, almost like a second father, Olive Canterbury almost disdained to discuss the affair with him. It was not the loss of the money, so much as the injustice in itself that angered her.

"How did this family-matter get abroad?" she asked somewhat abruptly.

"Oh, it is known everywhere," was the Irish answer. "We were talking about it at the magistrates' meeting at Aberton yesterday."

"Who told it there?" persisted Olive.

"I don't think I did; I am not sure, though. I know we began talking of it all in a hurry, and forgot to send up the memorial about a prisoner to the Secretary of State. When the meeting was over, Lord Rufort came out with me, and asked me the particulars."

"Your poor tongue!" thought Olive.

"And that's all, my dear. And don't you forget, if this wholesale thieving is carried out and you are deprived of your own, that there's more room for you and Letta at the Hall. Jane will be at the rectory, I suppose. You must come to it and be my daughters."

He shook her hand as he spoke, and, hastily ascending to his gig, drove off out of her sight, for his eyes were filling. Miss Canterbury went back to her sisters, who had waited for her at the stile.

"I cannot stay to say anything now, Jane," hastily spoke Olive, purposely anticipating questions. "Walk home now with Millicent, will you? I am going into Chilling again."

"To Chilling?"

"Yes, I have business there."

She was accustomed to rule things in this decisive way, and they never thought of questioning it. But Jane glanced at her watch. Their dinner-hour was six, and it wanted but half an hour to it.

"If you go back now, Olive, you will not be home in time to dress."

"Then I must dispense with dressing for one evening—or with dinner," was the reply, and Olive's tone as she spoke was very bitter.

Leaving her sisters standing in surprise, Miss Canterbury went back along the field-path; it was rather shorter than the road-way. To say she felt indignant at the news breathed into her ear would not be saying half enough; but the first thing to be done was to ascertain if the tale were true, for Mr. Carlton's information was not always to be depended on. He was as a very woman for gossip, and sometimes, quite unconsciously to himself, took up an aspect of reports that was afterwards found to be quite the reverse of fact. That no one but Mr. Norris, the family solicitor, would be employed upon legal business by her father, she felt sure. His office was at Aberton; he was a man in extensive practice, and moved in good society. Olive went straight to his house, and found he had just got home.

Mr. Norris came to her in the drawing-room. The young ladies knew him well; but, in spite of his mixing with them on an apparent equality, Olive was fully conscious of the real distance that existed. It peeped out this evening in her manner, and in her heart she was resenting his having been in any way a participant in making so unjust a will. She turned to face him as he came in, and spoke without any preface of compliments, her air and voice alike redolent of command.

"Mr. Norris, what is this I hear about my father's will?"

"How have you heard it?" was the rejoinder of Mr. Norris.

Olive darted a glance at him from beneath her haughty eyelids, which plainly inquired by what right he put the question; and the lawyer understood it perfectly.

"I heard it in the same way that others have heard it; it is the common topic of

the neighborhood. Did you make it for him?"

"I did. The reason I inquired where you had heard it, Miss Canterbury, was that I hoped it might have been from himself. I think if Mr. Canterbury would only converse with his daughters respecting it, he might be brought to see his decision in a different light. Pray be seated, Miss Canterbury."

"I prefer to stand. Will you give me the heads of the will?"

"I find that its particulars have really got abroad, so that I can have no scruples in showing it to you. "He replied. "I cannot but think Mr. Carlton is the traitor; not an intentional one, poor man; but, if ever a secret does get intrusted to him, it is a secret no longer."

"What is the amount willed to me and my sisters?" impatiently interrupted Miss Canterbury.

"Five thousand pounds each."

"Shameful!" responded her heart. "And the rest to Mrs. Canterbury?" she inquired, alone.

"Mrs. Canterbury has her settlement, and a very large sum besides; but the bulk of the property is left to the infant. In case of its death, it becomes Mrs. Canterbury's."

"All of it?"

"All. It passes to her absolutely and unconditionally."

"Does the Rock pass to her?"

"The Rock, and also its large revenues."

"Mr. Norris, do you call this a just will?"

"It is the most unjust will I ever made!"

he replied with warmth. "I said so to Mr. Canterbury. I assure you, Miss Canterbury, that if you and your sisters have been thus dealt by, it was not for want of remonstrance on my part. All I could venture to urge, in my position as legal adviser, I did urge; but Mr. Canterbury has in this instance proved himself a self-willed client."

"My father must have been influenced, as he has been in other matters," remarked Miss Canterbury. And Mr. Norris's raised eyebrows and expression of countenance told that he more than agreed with her. "Is it the will signed?"

"No. There is some delay in consequence of Mr. Carlton's refusing to act as executor. When he heard what were the provisions of the will, he turned on Mr. Canterbury and said he would not act; he came to my office at Aberton, and told me. Carlton said he had hitherto managed to keep his hands from dabbling with injustice, and hoped to do so still."

"Who are the other executors?"

"There is only one other named—Mrs. Canterbury."

"Oh," said Olive.

"Since Mr. Carlton's refusal to act, I have seen Mr. Canterbury, and again urged upon him that a more equitable disposal should be made. I gained nothing by it, I fear."

"What was Mr. Canterbury's reply?"

"He said that he had been advised it was not an unavoidable disposal; that a wife and son generally inherited to the exclusion of daughters."

"Advise!" scornfully ejaculated Olive. "Mrs. Kage had to do with this—more than Mrs. Canterbury. Does he call five thousand pounds a fitting portion for us, brought up in the luxury we have been, and with our expectations?"

"I submitted that question to him, Miss Canterbury, almost in the same words you have used. He replied, that you already inherited five thousand pounds each by the death of your mother—as is the case—and that five thousand more would make it ten thousand."

"Ten thousand pounds for the daughters of Mr. Canterbury of the Rock!" was Olive's resentful comment.

"Ten thousand, all told," quietly replied the lawyer. "Mrs. Kage has like sum."

"A like sum! Bequeathed by my father?"

Mr. Norris inclined his head in the affirmative.

Olive's breath left her. A hundred remonstrances rose to her mind, a hundred indignant protests to her lips. So many, so tumultuous were they, that none were uttered.

"Is there no appeal, no redress against these unjust wills?" she exclaimed, when her silence had spent itself.

"The only appeal can lie in getting the testator to revoke them," he replied, looking meaningly at Miss Canterbury. "When once the testator has passed away, the will becomes law, and must be carried out. I will urge the bearings of the case again on Mr. Canterbury, but—"

"No," interrupted Miss Canterbury, "it is his family who must urge it upon him: if only to save his name from reproach."

"I was about to say so," returned the lawyer. "It is Mr. Canterbury's family—in fact you, Miss Canterbury, who must deal with this. If you cannot prevail with him, no one can; there's not a chance of it."

Olive knew it well.

"I will delay the execution of the will as long as possible, Miss Canterbury, in the hope that I may be furnished with instructions to make a different one. I told Mr. Canterbury I would charge nothing for drawing a fresh one out. Not—pardon me—to save his pocket, but that he might see how urgent I considered the necessity to be."

"Thank you, Mr. Norris," frankly spoke Olive. "I was blaming you in my heart when I came in, but I perceive no fault lies with you."

She shook hands with him. He attended her to the door, and she departed on her walk back across the Rock-field, plunged into deep reflection. That this terrible, bare-faced act of injustice was owing almost entirely to Mrs. Kage, Olive felt sure: Caroline, let alone, would never have thought of being so grasping. And Olive was right.

In point of fact, that honorable lady had been feathering her nest pretty considerably ever since the marriage. Her daughter largely helped her; there could be no question of it. Mrs. Kage's former modest household of two servants had been augmented by a smart lady's-maid named Fry. A beautiful pony-carriage—kept at the Rock—was devoted to her special service, and Mrs. Kage, with a parasol in one hand and scent-bottle in the other, went about it, driven by a natty boy-groom. A close carriage was at her service whenever she chose to send and order it. Her table was sufficiently supplied with the choicest fruit from the Rock-gardens when she did not dine at the Rock. Fish and other delicacies came daily to her from Aberton. Her attire was now magnificent, especially in the respect of costly old lace, and pinching in

money-matters was at an end. In short, Mrs. Kage's lines had dropped into pleasant places; and there could be no question that her daughter's marriage with George Canterbury had brought to her all its hoped-for realization.

This assistance might have been carried out for her mother twice over, had Mrs. Canterbury so pleased, and nobody found fault with it. To Mr. Canterbury's great wealth it was as a drop of water to the ocean. But to will away the daughters' inheritance was a very different affair; and so little necessity was there for anything of the kind. Mr. Canterbury's riches were ample sufficient to provide magnificently for all, that a doubt crossed Olive, as she walked along the field, of Mrs. Kage's sanity. Tracing events back, she could see that it was all a part of one deep-laid scheme; and Mrs. Kage had driven them from the Rock to have room to work it out. The birth of the child had been made a pretext for Mrs. Kage's taking up her abode at the Rock; she had not yet come away from it. With that wily, plotting, soft-speaking woman ever at his elbow, Olive felt that her chance of being heard to effect was very small indeed. Bitterly she deplored her father's pliant, yielding disposition, and the strange ascendancy it had enabled the new wife and the crafty mother-in-law to gain over him.

When she reached home, she imparted the news to her sisters; and they spent the evening talking it over with the Reverend Mr. Rufort. It was decided that Olive should proceed to the Rock the following day, and see what impression she could make upon her father.

"I heartily wish you success, Miss Canterbury," were Mr. Rufort's last words to her, when he was leaving.

"You cannot wish it more than I do. Putting our own interests aside, I would not that my father, for his own sake, should leave behind him so unjust a will, for his name would lie under obloquy for ever." But, notwithstanding the words, there lay an instinct on Miss Canterbury's heart that she should not prevail; and the whole night long she never closed her eyes.

She reached the Rock in the morning between eleven and twelve, when she knew her father would most probably be alone in the library. The initiative preliminary of the visit was not propitious. The servant who opened the door to her happened to be a fresh one; a fine gentleman just arrived from London as own footman to Mrs. Canterbury. Olive walked straight into the hall without speaking. The man stared, and then seemed to recollect something.

"I beg your pardon, madam—might you be Miss Canterbury?"

"I am Miss Canterbury," Olive conceded to reply, though she considered the question, and the manner, too, somewhat impertinent.

The man placed himself in her way as she was walking on towards the library.

"Then, if you please, madam, will you step into this here parlor? You are not to go in, men."

Olive turned her lofty face upon him. He did not altogether like its air of command, and resented with civility.

"Mem, Mrs. Kage told me that you was not to go in to Mr. Canterbury, should you happen to call, but was to be shown in here, and herself fetched down to you. She ordered it men, and I could not think of disobeying her."

"Sir!" burst out Olive, "do you know to whom you speak? I am in my father's house. Stand aside!"

He stood aside, foolish and humble, and at that same moment the butler came forward.

"Need," said she, in a calm tone, almost an indifferent one, "you had better tell that man who I am; he does not appear to understand, I think."

Need, all astonishment, gazed at the new footman, whom he did not particularly favor, from head to foot; and turned to usher Miss Canterbury into his master's presence.

In passing through the hall, the door of one of the drawing-rooms was flung back, and the nurse came out, carrying the baby. Olive, unthinkingly, turned her head to look in. There, talking together face to face, stood Mrs. Canterbury and Thomas Kage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Lunar Heat.**  
Lord Rosse has been measuring, says Once a Week, the heat that comes to us from the moon. Using one of his great reflecting telescopes as a burning mirror, he has condensed the moon's rays upon one of the most delicate of heat guangets—a thermopile. Without being able to determine by what fraction of a Fahrenheit's degree the lunar warmth increases the temperature of the terrestrial atmosphere, he has found, as an approximation, that the radiation from the moon is about the ninety thousandth part of that from the sun. He conceives that the variation of heat from our satellite follows the same law as that of light, viz., that we have more warmth from the full moon, and least from the new moon.

By comparison with the terrestrial source of heat, Lord Rosse estimates the actual temperature of the moon's surface at lunar midday to be about five hundred degrees Fahrenheit. This scorching results from the slow rotation of the moon, which makes its day equal to our month, and from the absence of any atmosphere to screen the lunar world. Years ago, Sir John Herschel, who has more than once proved himself a prophet by his sagacious inferences, remarked that "the surface of the full moon exposed to us must necessarily be very much exceeding that of boiling water." Fontenelle and his followers to the contrary notwithstanding, the moon can be no place for living beings, unless they be salamanders.

The Rev. Dr. Tiffany, in a letter to the Methodist, says that Mr. Brigham Young, told him that Mormonism had drawn its followers more largely from the Methodists than from any other denomination.

Bishop Kingsley, writing from Salt Lake City, says the Mormon preachers take no text, but preach about keeping up fences, the cultivation of the soil, the kind of houses to live in, the best way to get along independently of the Gentiles, and on political and secular subjects in general.

A Nova Scotia road traverses the scene of "Evangeline," and the locomotives are to be named "Gabriel," "Gaspareau," "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," and "Micenahaha."

Groomsmen and bridesmaids are going out of fashion at modern weddings, but half-a-dozen gentlemen ushers are still considered essential.

## GOING WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GRASS VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, September 11, 1868.

Dear Post.—Returning from my recent visit to San Francisco, the steamer Yosemite bore me through the northern arm of the Bay past *Carquinez* into San Pablo Bay, thence through the Straits of Carquinez into Suisun Bay, and onward to Sacramento through the waters of the Sacramento river.

We moved off from the wharf at 4 o'clock, P. M., and passed upon the hurricane deck

I watched the lovely waters and fair re

ceding shore as our vessel ploughed its way

along. A heavy mist cloud

## Ventilation.

We have now to describe one of the best and simplest modes of ventilating ordinary rooms with which we are acquainted. It is one equally applicable in winter as well as in summer, because all draught is avoided; for, even if a window is opened at the top, a down draught is frequently felt, and in rainy weather it is often impossible to keep the window open. The present plan is applicable in all kinds of weather, and would be perfect if the ventilation could be effected nearer to the ceiling.

As it can be applied at an expense of a few cents, and as no ungrateful appearance is made, it is equally applicable to the cottage and to the mansion. A piece of wood an inch or more in thickness, three inches wide, and as thick as the breadth of the wind or through which ventilation is to be established, is to be prepared. Let the sash be now raised, and let the slip of wood be placed upon the side of the window; the sash is then to be drawn down closely upon the slip of wood. If the sash has been well fitted—and the fitting may be made more complete by adapting it to the grooves in the sash and its frame, if any exist—the draught will be experienced in consequence of the displacement of the sash at this part. The effect of such an arrangement is, however, to cause a separation between the bars of the sash at the centre. By this means a perpendicular current of air will be projected into the room between the glass in the upper and lower sashes and their respective bars, or else the current will pass outwards in the reverse direction, in a manner by which all inconvenience from draught will be avoided.

Supposing that two or more windows at opposite sides of a room are fitted in this manner, a very satisfactory ventilation will be secured. Owing to a difference in its equilibrium, the air will rush in on one side and rush out on the other side of the apartment. If the slips of wood are painted of the same color as the windows themselves, they will attract little notice.

We cannot conclude the subject of ventilation without an appeal to clergymen, schoolmasters, and others, who are in positions of authority. Immense good may be done by impressing upon the minds of those over whom they are placed, the vital importance of breathing pure air. Especially should this be instilled into the young. It forms as yet no essential part of a liberal education, that a man should be taught to understand the conditions upon which he lives, or how he should best preserve his health. Such knowledge is certainly not less important than most of the instruction he receives. Yet all the knowledge which concerns his physical existence is left to be picked up by chance, or to be gained by experience—an experience sometimes only obtained by the sacrifice of health. The subtle causes which vitiate the air we breathe must, as we have seen, be sought out to be understood. And if this kind of knowledge is important to those who live in large and airy houses, how much more important is it to those who pass their lives in humble cottages, and in the closely-packed tenements of towns! How many headaches would be avoided, how many a pallid cheek would be tinged with the glow of health, how many drooping spirits would be roused to the enjoyment of life, how many sickly infants would be transformed into vigorous men and women, instead of being prematurely cut off by disease,—were the simple facts universally known and acted upon, that no kind of stimulant is so permanently enlivening, no food more strengthening, than a proper supply of fresh air in our houses.

It is a pleasant reflection, that within the present century, owing to many causes, but chiefly to the advancement of science, longevity has greatly increased in this country. We feel assured that a very considerable increase is still to be effected by a more widely spread knowledge of the principles and practice of ventilation.—*Good Health.*

Amos Skeeter, a well-known resident of this city, and a fine singer, was instantly killed at the Tremont House, last night, by a stranger, who became angry at his attentions. He leaves a large family.—*Chicago Post.*

Tom Moore, the poet, was not specially adored by the people who lived near his residence. A gentleman once driving near the poet's house got in conversation with an old lady, and asked her if she saw much of Tom Moore in her village when he was alive. "Tom Moore, sir? Oh, you mean Mr. Moore; Mrs. Moore was a very kind lady, but Mr. Moore used to write all sorts of verses about the moon and such things. He were no account."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The price realized from 4250 lbs. to 1750 lbs. brought from \$40 to 75 per head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 40 to 60 lbs. Hogs sold at from \$14.00 to 14.50 per head.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS IN

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## The Man of All Trades.

Gilbert Charles Stuart, the artist, was travelling in England in a stage coach with some gentlemen, who were strangers to him, but all were sociable and lively. The party stopped to dine at an inn, and after dinner, the conversation being animated and various, Stuart became conspicuous in it, not only for his wit and humor, but for his correct judgment, rapid thought, and apt phrase. The curiosity of his companions was aroused, and with Yankee-like inquisitiveness they desired to know who and what he was.

Mr. Stuart, with a grave face, and in a serious tone of voice, replied that he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair.

"Of you are a hair-dresser, then?" returned one of the company, with a somewhat derogatory stare.

"What! do I look like a barber?" demanded the *ingénue* artist, sternly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the subdued cockney, "but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to inquire what you are, then?"

"Why, sometimes I brush a gentleman's coat or hat and adjust his cravat."

"Of you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?"

"A valet!" retorted Stuart, with mock indignation; "indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen."

"Ah! you are a tailor!"

"Tailor! do you take me for a tailor? I'll assure you I never handled a goose other than a roasted one."

By this time the joke was beginning to be fully appreciated, and the whole company were in a roar of laughter.

"What in the world are you, then?" demanded another gentleman, taking up the office of interlocutor.

"I will tell you," said Stuart, with great apparent sincerity; "he assured all I have told you is strictly true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust cravats, and make coats, waistcoats and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes of your service!"

"Oho! a boot and shoe maker after all!" contemptuously returned the questioner.

"Gues again, gentlemen," continued Stuart, good-humoredly. "I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true."

"We may as well give up guessing; it is of no use."

The fun-loving painter, checking his own laughter, which was on the point of bursting forth, and stimulating a fresh flow of spirit by a huge clinch of snuff, said, gravely, as if bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion—

"Now, gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession—get my bread by *making faces*."

He then screwed up his countenance and twisted his features in a manner the most skillful clown might have envied.

When the loud peals of laughter had subsided, the company with one accord declared that they "had all the while suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theatre," they all "knew he must be a comedian by profession." But when Stuart coolly informed them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely inside of a playhouse, their chagrin and astonishment equalled their previous merriment.

"Gentlemen," said Stuart, to his companions, as he was about to leave them, "you will find all I have said in regard to my various employments is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait painter. If you will call upon me at York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair a la mode, supply you, if you need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and *make faces* for you."

While taking a parting glass at the inn, the gentleman begged leave to inquire of the artist in what part of England he was born. He told them he was not born in England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

"Where then?" persisted the English Yankees.

"I was born in Narragansett," replied Stuart.

"And where is that?"

"Six miles from Pottawoodoo, and ten from Poppasquash, and about four miles west of Connecticut, and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought," was the instant reply.

"In what part of the East Indies is that, sir?" inquired a pompous Englishman.

"East Indies, my dear sir! It is in the State of Rhode Island, between Massachusetts and the Connecticut River."

And with this novel lesson in geography, Gilbert Stuart took leave of his travelling companions.

## A Very Obtuse Witness.

Pat Fogerty went all the way from Manchester to London to thrash Mick Fitzpatrick, winding up the performance with the assistance of an "awful horseshoe." He was detected and brought before a justice. A part of the examination is annexed:—

Court—"Well, sir, you came from Manchester, did you?"

Pat—"Your honor has answered correctly."

Court—"You see the complainant's head; it was cut with a sharp instrument. Do you know what cut it?"

Pat—"Ain't your honor after saying a sharp instrument did?"

Court—"becoming restive)—"I see you mean to equivoque. Now, sir, you cut that head; you came here to cut it, did you not? Now, sir, what motive brought you to London?"

Pat—"The locomotive, sir!"

Court—"waxing warm)—"Equivocating again, you scoundrel! (raising up the horseshoe and holding it before Pat) do you see this horseshoe, sir?"

Pat—"Is it a horseshoe, your honor?"

Court—"Don't you see it is, sir? Are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horseshoe?"

Pat—"Bedad, no, your honor."

Court—"angrily—"No."

Pat—"No, your honor; but can you tell?"

Court—"Of course I can, you stupid Irishman."

Pat—"solloquizing aloud)—"Oh! glory be to goodness, see what education is, your honor; sure a poor ignorant creature like myself wouldn't know a horse shoe from a mæva."



VERY OBLIGING.

DOCTOR.—"Will you put out your tongue, my little man?"  
CHILD OF OBLIGING DISPOSITION.—"Yes—and do this, too, if you like."

## Would Like to Hear Some Music.

An old farmer, residing in one of the rural districts of the West, having occasion to transact business in a city about twenty miles distant, took with him one of his daughters as a companion for the trip, and also to show her a little of the world. Upon his arrival in the city, not finding the lawyer of whom he was in quest at his office, he went to his residence, a few blocks distant. The lady of the house very kindly offered to take charge of and entertain in his daughter during the temporary absence of the father with her husband. The young lady's curiosity was thoroughly aroused by the rich and tasteful appointments of the house, she having been accustomed all her life to only the plainest kind of household "fixins." She went from one article to another, expressing unbounded pleasure in viewing the elegance and beauty of the furniture. Suddenly stopping before the piano, she exclaimed—

"What's that thing?"  
"A piano forte," said the lady.  
"What do you do with it?"  
"Play upon it."

"And what's that thing?" pointing to the key-board.  
"Those are the keys," was the reply.  
"Keys? What do you want with them?"  
They are the keys of the instrument.  
Do you want to hear me play?"

The girl bobbed her head in affirmation, and the lady sat down and executed a very brilliant opera piece. When she had concluded, she wheeled round on the music stool, expecting to see a countenance radiant with admiration and delight, instead of which she met one that betrayed only impatience and irritation.  
"What do you think of that?" she asked.  
"Plink!" blurted out the rustic dame.  
"I think you've been fooling with them keys long enough. I wish you'd hurry and unlock the blamed thing; I want to hear some music."

## THE LITTLE MAIDEN.

Who waits and watches at the door,  
Sighing, "He said he'd come at four,  
And now it's at half past or more?"  
Your patient little maiden.

Who runs to meet you when you come,  
Kisses your wife excuses dumb,  
Queen, crowned with red geranium?  
Your happy little maiden.

Who, keeping with such careful art,  
Kisses you, abh me, in her heart?  
Your faithful little maiden.

Who holds you among all the rest,  
Of men proved good from East to West,  
The strongest, truest, bravest, best?  
Your loving little maiden.

Who asks for nothing old or new,  
Who cares for no man false or true,  
But only, only, only You?  
Your precious little maiden.

The Story of a Horseshoe.

This is a simple legend. A good country-man was taking a rural walk with his son Thomas. As they walked slowly along, the father suddenly stopped.

"Look!" he said, "there's a bit of iron, a piece of a horseshoe; pick it up, and put it in your pocket."

"Pooch!" answered the child; "it's not worth stopping for."

The father, without uttering another word, picked up the iron, and put it in his pocket. When they came to a village, he entered the blacksmith's shop and sold it for three farthings. With that sum he bought some cherries. Then the father and son set off again on their ramble. The sun was burning hot, and neither a house, tree nor fountain of water was in sight. Thomas soon complained of being tired, and had some difficulty in following his father, who walked on with a firm step. Perceiving that his boy was tired, the father let fall a cherry, as if by accident. Thomas stooped and quickly picked it up, and devoured it. A little further he dropped another, and the boy picked it up as eagerly as ever; and thus they continued, the father dropping the fruit, and the son picking them up. When the last one was eaten, the father stopped, and turning to the boy, said:

"Look, my son! if you had chosen to stoop once and pick up a piece of horseshoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries."

Pat—"It is a horseshoe, your honor?"

Court—"Don't you see it is, sir? Are you blind? Can you not tell at once that it is a horseshoe?"

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expensive blundering could not have given you. There is no royal road to good farming,—except the road through royal hard thinking, and working, and waiting.—*American Agriculturist*.

## A Stick in His Throat.

A friend of mine had a horse that was sick and after doctoring him a long time without any improvement, the veterinary surgeon told the owner he had better take him to Mr. Johnston. He did so, and Mr. J. gave him a ball, but the horse could not swallow it, and he put his hand into his mouth to see what was the matter, and found a short piece of stick in his throat, which he pulled out, and the horse soon got well. Since then he has known of five similar cases in his own experience. Once he drove a favorite mare from his farm near Geneva to the State Fair at Auburn, and noticed that she did not seem very well. When he started to come home, three days afterwards, the mare looked very gaunt, and was not as lively as usual. Coming to a watering trough on the side of the road, he drove up to it, and the mare tried to drink, but seemed to swallow with difficulty, and let some of the water run out of her mouth. "That's the matter, is it?" said Mr. J. to himself, and immediately jumped out of the buggy, took off his coat, rolled up the sleeve of his right arm, took hold of the mare's tongue with his left hand and held it firm between her jaws, put his right hand down her throat, and took out the stick.

Sometime afterwards, a farmer asked him to go to his house and look at a horse that was sick. Mr. J. asked him what was the matter. "Does he eat well?" "He seems to want to eat," he replied, "as much as ever, but when he takes his oats into his mouth, he lets them fall out again." "Well," said Mr. J., "I am not very well or I would go with you, but do you go home and take hold of the horse's tongue with your left hand, and thrust your right hand down his mouth, and just at the beginning of the throat you will find a stick." The man stared at him as though he thought he was crazy. But he went home, did as Mr. J. told him, and, sure enough, there was the stick.—*American Agriculturist*.

## ASPIRATIONS.

Our aims are all too high; we try  
To gain the summit at a bound,  
When we should reach it step by step,  
And climb the ladder round by round.  
Who would climb the height sublime,  
Or breathe the pure air of life,  
Must not expect to raise in ease,  
But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek  
To grasp alone for grand and great,  
Disdaining every smaller good,  
For trifles make the aggregate.  
And if a cloud should hover o'er  
Our weary pathway like a pall,  
Remember God permits it there,  
And His good purpose reigns o'er all.

Don't care much about the bugs,"  
said Mr. Swinks, "but the truth is, I have not got the blood to spare."

## AGRICULTURAL.

## A Warning to Young Book Farmers.

We took occasion, in a recent number, to say that certain works of the imagination, depicting the delightful independence and the solid prosperity of certain new beginners in farming and gardening pursuits, were not, in our opinion, good books. Since our former no less was written, we have read again, with much care, the "Farming by Inches," to which we then alluded; and we are so strongly impressed by it, that we should be doing less than our duty did we not again advise our younger readers not to be led astray by its apparent genuineness.

It is not impossible that everything stated in this book might actually transpire, but it is so far from being probable, that we risk nothing in saying that it is, in the main, untrue. A man and his wife, with no previous knowledge of farming, go into the country in the spring, take possession of an inherited place of only three acres, buy some books and plenty of manure, hire very little assistance, and, by dint of natural shrewdness and hard reading (mainly of a sedman's advertising catalogue), make money enough to pay all their living expenses, all the cost of carrying on their business, and a good interest on their investment. On its face, and probably in the intention of its author, the story is a simple pastoral tale of the most unobjectionable tendency. If it were true, in all its particulars, it would be valuable, for the reason that what one man has done, another may fairly hope to do. If it were a very probable story, it would be valuable as an encouragement to beginners in farming.

It is neither true nor probable. Human speaking, it is not possible. Therefore, it is altogether bad, and, if read at all, it should be read with the understanding that the moral it attempts to point does not exist. It is a story of almost uninterrupted successes. A true record of the first year's experience of any tyro in agriculture would be, in almost every instance, a story of disappointment, failure, hard work, and sunk money. As in every other career, the school of experience is a dear and a hard school to learn in; and he who takes one acre or a hundred for his practising ground—if he has not learned his trade in advance—will, before his first year is over, need all his heroism to carry him through with a stout heart.

We believe that there is hardly a limit to the possibilities of farming and gardening. One who understands his business, who has sufficient capital for his operations, a good soil, a good situation, and plenty of manure at command, may hope for a very large reward for his labor and superintendence. We rejoice, therefore, when we see any man or woman turning from other pursuits with the intention of making agriculture or horticulture a career. Only when we see them go head foremost into the thing,—undertaking a difficult trade without learning it, and seeking to get in a month the knowledge that a year cannot give,—do we shudder at the thought of the bitter things in store for them.

As a rule,—a rule that has few exceptions,—they will lose much more than a year's living expenses, and will learn much less than they could learn as working hands in the employ of a good farmer. If you, reader, want to become a farmer, or a florist, or a market gardener, take our advice:—Buy as many of the best books on the subject as you can find time to read, and hire out as an irregular hand, with the best man you can find who is doing, practically, what you have made up your mind to do.

Work for dear life, read, listen, and watch all that is going on; at the end of your year you will be able to start judiciously and well. You will have saved money, you will have saved time, and you will have gained information that five years of ignorant and

## THE RIBBLE.

## Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 54 letters.  
My 9, 21, 4, 16, 47, was used in Jewish offerings.  
My 15, 23, 7, 53, 35, 10, 18, was an ancient city.  
My 18, 30, 41, 46, 45, 53, 8, was an ancient tribe.  
My 20, 23, 15, 42, 8, 39, was used in Jewish houses.  
My 26, 23, 23, 10, 14, was used in vineyards.  
My 28, 10, 12, 27, 38, 50, 46, 42, 1, was a town of Palestine.  
My 29, 32, 46, 21, 27, was an officer in David's army.  
My 30, 6, 18, 21, 49, 25, 7, 16, 44, was an Egyptian city.  
My 31, 16, 11, 52, 34, 44, 19, was a city of Palestine.  
My 33, 5, 12, 24, 34, 6, was a province of Syria.  
My 37, 43, 48, 54, 22, is denounced in the Bible.  
My 38, 40, 2, 17, 27, 34, 51, 10, 43, was a ruler of the synagogue.  
My whole is a verse in the Bible.  
Sheffield, Pa.

ISOLA.

## Hiddle.

I am composed of 5 letters.  
Omit my first, and I denote things or persons separately considered.  
My 1, 2, 3, is a vegetable.  
My 4, 5, 3, 1, is a youngster of the genus muscinae.  
My 3,